AN ESSAY ON IRISH BULLS.

BY

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AND

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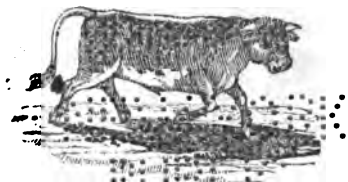
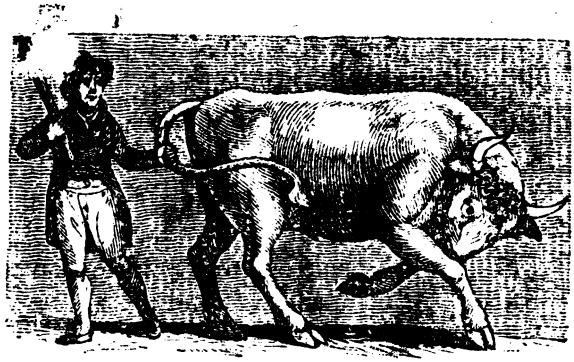


Summos posse viros, & magna exempla daturos,
Vervecum in patria, crassoque sub aere nasci!

JUVENAL.

NEW-YORK:
PRINTED BY J. SWAINE, NO. 49, PEARL-STREET.
1803.



Jam cornu petat.

ESSAY ON IRISH BULLS.

CHAPTER I.

VULGAR ERRORS.

IT is much to be lamented, that the learned and judicious author* of "*An Enquiry into Vulgar Errors*" omitted to notice that propenſity to blunder, which is commonly ſuppoſed to be characteriſtic of the Iriſh nation. An eſſay on the nature and origin of iriſh bulls would, perhaps, have been almoſt as well worthy the attention of the public as ſome of the queſtions, which this celebrated antiquarian, and natural

* *Sir* Thomas Browne, fl. 1660.

philoſopher, has diſcuſſed; ſuch as, Whether ſtorks can live only in republics? Whether peacocks are aſhamed when they look at their ugly eggs? Why we are taught, from our childhood, to break an egg-ſhell after we have eaten the egg? Why candles burn blue before the apparition of a ſpirit, or how their wicks foretel the approach of ſtrangers?

We have the more reaſon to lament Sir Thomas Browne's omitting to treat of iriſh bulls, becauſe, in ſpeaking of one of the engliſh popular notions with reſpect to Ireland, he evinces that admirable degree of philoſophical ſcepticiſm which is neceſſary in judging a national cauſe with impartiality.

"Moſt men," ſays he, "affirm, and few here will believe the contrary, that there be no ſpilers in Ireland; but we *have* ſeen ſome in that country; and, though but few, ſome cobwebs we behold in iriſh wood* in England. Thus the crocodile from an egg growing up to an exceeding magnitude, common conceit, and divers writers deliver, it hath no period of increaſe, but groweth as long as it liveth; and thus, in brief,

* The perſon who ſhows Weſtminſter Abbey aſſures the public, at this day, that there are no *cobwebs in the oak* there, becauſe it is iriſh.

in moſt apprehenſions the conceits of men extend the conſiderations of things, and dilate their notions beyond the propriety of their natures."

The received opinion, that there exiſts amongſt the natives of Ireland an innate and irreſiſtible propenſity to blunder, cannot, however, be one of thoſe notions which have been dilated by common conceit, becauſe we have argument and evidence ſufficient to eſtabliſh our belief. Engliſh readers may ſmile at this grave preparation to prove what *nobody* doubts: but theſe apparent truiſms are always ſuſpicious in the eyes of accurate philoſophers. In the firſt place it muſt be obſerved, that *nobody* is a word of very uncertain ſignification, varying according to time, place, and circumſtances. Nobody in a phyſical and nobody in a faſhionable ſenſe, nobody in a moral and nobody in a political view, are obviouſly as different as poſſible; nobody at court may be ſomebody in the country; nobody in England may be ſomebody in Ireland. In ſhort, nobody in argument uſually implies, nobody of my nation, acquaintance, party, or way of thinking: hence the extreme difficulty of aſcertaining what is meant by the phraſe. Unleſs we know the ſtyle of life, connections, birth, pa-

rentage, education, and underſtanding of the perſon who makes ſuch an aſſertion, it is often impoſſible to perceive its full force or weakneſs. Hence the neceſſity of proving what *nobody* doubts: therefore let us ſoberly proceed with the proof, that the iriſh nation is prone to make thoſe blunders, which are uſually called bulls.

According to the common cuſtom of able logicians, we muſt begin with an argument a priori. It ſeems but reaſonable to ſuppoſe, that Iriſhmen were deſigned by providence to make bulls, becauſe, in the univerſal diſtribution of things in this world, good is ever balanced by evil. Each country upon the face of this earth has peculiar advantages and diſadvantages. Look round the globe:—here you find a mild climate with an oppreſſive government; there you ſee a profuſion of the neceſſaries and luxuries of life, with an indolent, inept race of inhabitants: even the ſparkling mines and fragrant ſpices of the eaſt are bleſſings fully balanced by hurricanes and peſtilence. Thus equality is preſerved amongſt nations as amongſt individuals, and Hibernia cannot be exempted from this equitable law of nature. Amongſt her various advantages, we muſt recollect one by which ſhe

is peculiarly diſtinguiſhed:—as Alba and Gyraldus have left upon ancient record, and as a modern farce, called "The Genius of Ireland" ſufficiently confirms, no venemous animal can exiſt on the ſoil or in the air of Ireland. This enviable national immunity, although beſtowed by the ſpecial favour of St. Patrick, muſt, according to the ſyſtem that we have juſt eſtabliſhed, be counterbalanced by ſome evil; probably by that vernacular defect in their mode of ſpeech, for which the Iriſh are ſo juſtly ridiculed and reviled. As there are no toads, or ſerpents, or vipers in this favoured iſland, it muſt neceſſarily abound with iriſh bulls.

A priori arguments, though their uſe be juſtified by the higheſt authority, do not ſuit all taſtes, or carry conviction to all underſtandings. Now, according to the prudent practiſe, avowed by an experienced orator*, we ſhould employ, not only the ſtrongeſt, but the weakeſt arguments poſſible, that we may captivate both the nice judging few, and the numerous, and conſequently, reſpectable vulgar. Without relying entirely upon this one a priori argument to prove

* Charles Fox.

that Iriſhmen ought to make bulls, I ſhall aduce another of an inferior ſpecies, drawn ſimply from *existing circumstances.*

Engliſh is not the mother tongue of the natives of Ireland; to them it is a foreign language, and conſequently, it is ſcarcely within the limits of probability, that they ſhould avoid making blunders both in ſpeaking and writing. We moſt of us are aware of the difficulty of acquiring that accurate grammatical knowledge, that practical fluency, and all the idiomatic niceties of a foreign language, which could put us on a par with the natives themſelves. It was not till after a ſeven years apprenticeſhip at Lauſanne, that the great Gibbon thought himſelf able to ſpeak french like a Frenchman; and his writing a manifeſto in elegant french was a matter of pride to him, and of admiration to the reſt of the world. How then can it be expected, that the illiterate iriſh ſhould inſtinctively poſſeſs that command of a foreign language, which is only to be acquired after long labour by the brighteſt, and moſt cultivated genius, aſſiſted by all the advantages of books and ſociety? Such an expectation would be extravagant. Thus by arguments both ad abſurdum and a pri-

ori, we are compelled to the ſame concluſion, that the Iriſh muſt be blunderers. Indeed, ſo perfectly perſuaded are Engliſhmen of the truth of this propoſition, that the moment an unfortunate Hibernian opens his lips they expect a bull, and liſten with that well known look of ſober contempt and ſnug ſelf-ſatisfaction, which ſufficiently teſtifies their ſenſe of ſafety and ſuperiority. Not the half animated Bond-ſtreet lounger, not the bawling native of Billingſgate, no inveterate cockney of high or low degree, between the vaſt extremes of St. James's and St. Mary Axe, no guttural man of Cumberland, or Zomerzetſhire Zim, or ultimate Northumbrian, can forbear to join in the liberal laugh againſt the wild Iriſhman, or refrain from raiſing in their multifarious dialects the national hue and cry after an iriſh bull. Whether this cry be ever raiſed by miſtake, when no iriſh bull has broken looſe, may, perhaps, be queſtioned by thoſe, who have obſerved, that every dog is not mad which falls a victim to the ignorance or malice of the populace: but let us avoid this inquiry; it might prove troubleſome; for it would drive us at laſt to deſcribe and define what we mean by an iriſh bull. Definitions are as much the bane of eaſy writing as of eaſy converſation.

CHAPTER II.

ETYMOLOGY OF AN IRISH BULL UNCERTAIN.

LET us fly from crabbed Logic to convenient Etymology—Never ſhall her proteus art fail her votaries ſo long as any two letters of the greek, hebrew, engliſh, ſaxon, phœnician, or ogham character can be interchanged.

The intelligent reader, however unſkilled he may be in ſubjects of this nature, will immediately ſuggeſt two analogies of ſound, which may lead the unweary aſtray—We have a papal bull, and John Bull, the repreſentative of the majeſty of the people of England. It is a curious coincident, that the name of that ſpecies of blunder, which is peculiar to the Iriſh, ſhould be, to a letter, the ſame as the diſtinguiſhing appellation of the engliſh nation. Yet our utmoſt ingenuity is at a fault when we attempt to account for this coincidence, or to make any uſe of it in the preſent inquiry. It would be abſurd to ſuppoſe, that John Bull could ever have been ſubject to blunder; although there is a paſſage in a letter of Swift's, obſcurely hinting at ſome ſuch idea: —"*I have it in* contemplation," ſays Swift,

"to write an eſſay on engliſh bulls and blunders."

Now the doctor could not write an eſſay on engliſh bulls and blunders, if no ſuch things actually exiſted. We muſt either infer from this paſſage, that the dean of St. Patrick's, a man every way qualified to decide this matter, believed that bulls were of engliſh origin, and therefore ſhould properly be called ENGLISH bulls: or elſe we muſt conclude, that Swift (which is highly probable, as he was an Iriſhman) was guilty of a barbariſm in language; at leaſt that he inadvertantly applied the ſpecific name of bull to the whole ſpecies of blunders, and then, as people do often go on from one error and abſurdity to another, confounded all together, and talked of engliſh bulls and blunders as ſynonymous terms.

We proceed to—papal bull.—Every well-informed perſon knows, that this is the name of the pope's letter, edict, or diploma. As etymologies make it a principle, to feaſt or furfeit their friends with all they catch in the drag-net with which they ſweep the ocean of antiquity, we, in humble imitation, cannot omit to add, under the head *bullæ*, that the roman nobility

uſed to hang round their necks certain hollow golden balls, in which were encloſed amulets againſt envy: theſe afterwards were hung to the diplomas of emperors and popes.—Bulla, the ſeal, is further derived from bulla, a drop or bubble; or, according to others, from the Greek, council. According to Pezron, from the Celtic, *buil*, or *bul*—a bubble. The popes' bulls were certainly not of this ſort: their bullæ are uſually of lead, appended by a ſilken ſtring when the bull is a bull of grace, and by a *hempen* ſtring when it is a bull of juſtice.

What the iriſh bull has in common with the golden, leaden, or papal bull, we leave to the judgment of the ſagacious reader, having done our duty by warning him of that treacherous analogy of ſound, which might put him upon a wrong ſcent. We ſhall now beg or take leave to ſuggeſt a few queries, with all the diffidence the occaſion requires:

QUERY 1ST.—Might not the iriſh bull be derived from the miller's thumb, or bull head, an odd fiſh, of no very pleaſing ſhape, with a head too large for it's body, and a very wide mouth*,

* Walton.

uſually gaping; whence the term bull-head, a ſtupid fellow, or blockhead?

QUERY 2D.—Might not the iriſh bull have ſome affinity to the famous *bos in lingua*, which, literally tranſlated, means *an ox upon the tongue*. Both phraſes, relating to the tongue, muſt have ſome connexion between themſelves. We find alſo another point of reſemblance; they have both puzzled commentators.

"Some have been ſtartled at the proverb *bos in lingua*," ſays a learned writer, "confuſedly apprehending how a man ſhould be ſaid to have an ox in his tongue that would not ſpeak his mind; which was no more than that a piece of money had ſilenced him; for by the ox was only implied a piece of coin ſtamped with that figure, firſt current amongſt the Romans."

Heaven forbid we ſhould inſinuate that Iriſhmen could ever have the *bos in lingua*. It never was a parliamentary expreſſion; and we abandon the proverb as premature.

We ſhall hazard only one more conjecture; for the apparent puerility of which we can beſt apologiſe by reminding the faſtidious, that truth is often found in the loweſt ſource, after having been in vain ſought for in the higheſt.

Might not the expreſſion "An iriſh bull," originally derive from the trivial ſaying, "Your father's *cows* are all *bulls?*" as we ſay, "All his geeſe are ſwans;" or as the italian proverb,

"*Il suo soldo val tredeci danari,*"
His ſhilling is worth thirteen-pence.

Submitting all theſe conjectures to the better judgement of the candid critic, we confeſs that none are in our own opinion abſolutely ſatisfactory: yet, comparatively, they are not to be deſpiſed; for etymologiſts *committing* the dignity of the greateſt nations and cities are involved in ſome obſcurity. For inſtance, in the Dublin almanack, which is allowed to be the beſt almanack in the world, we read,

"A. D. 140.—Dublin anciently called Aſchled, according to Ptolemy built.

"A. D. 155.—Took it's preſent name from Alpinus, whoſe daughter Auliana being drowned in the Liffey, he changed the name of *Aschled* to *Auliana*, afterwards corrupted into *Dublana*, that *she might be had in remembrance.*"

" That ſtranger comes from E,
" I've heard the wiſe ones ſay;
" But ſimple folks may ſee,
" 'Tis ſtrangely altered by the way*"

In theſe difficult caſes we recommend it to etymologiſts, to follow the admirable practice of ſome of the ancient provincial parliaments of France, who admitted what they called half proofs, quarter proofs, an eighth, and a ſixteenth of a proof. Now by the addition of theſe fractions whole proofs could be made out, in any cauſe whatever, by an able arithmetical advocate.—What a happy *hocus pocus* of law and algebra!

* E. ex. extra. extranius—eſtranger—from eſtranger—ſtranger.

Alphana vient d'Equus, ſans doute;
Mais il faut avouer auſſi,
Qu'en venant de la juſqu' ici,
Il a bien changé ſur la route.

CHAPTER III.

ORIGINALITY OF IRISH BULLS DISPUTED.

THAT ſpecies of monopolizing pride, which inſpires one nation with the belief that all the reſt of the world are barbarians, and ſpeak barbariſms, is evidently a very uſeful prejudice, which the Engliſh, with their uſual good ſenſe, have condeſcended to adopt from the Greeks and Romans. They have applied it judiciouſly in their treatment of France and Ireland. The maxim, that one Engliſhman can beat ten Frenchmen, has undoubtedly gained many a battle both by ſea and land; it forms a ſort of ſuccedaneum for the belief in predeſtination, which operates on the imagination of mahometan ſoldiers, as opium does on their phyſical powers, creating ſupernatural ſtrength and courage. But it is a refinement of this ſort of policy, to inſtill into a nation the belief, that they are ſuperior in intellectual abilities to their neighbours. Impute a peculiar incurable mental diſeaſe to a given people, ſhow that it incapacitates

them from ſpeaking or acting with common ſenſe, expoſe their infirmities continually to public ridicule, and in time probably this people, let their conſtitutional boldneſs be ever ſo great, may be ſubjugated to that ſenſe of inferiority, and to that acquieſcence in a ſtate of dependance, which is the neceſſary conſequence of the conviction of imbecility. We are too much attached to England, our native country, not to wiſh that ſhe may ſucceed in eſtabliſhing the belief in her own ſuperiority, and in depreciating and ſubjugating the minds of her rivals—Like true patriots and partiſans, we ſhall endeavour to ſtrengthen her ſelf-opinion; and with this view we ſhall endeavour to ſhow, that even the bulls of her hibernian neighbours, wherever they have inherent wit or humour, are not of iriſh, but of foreign extraction.

Lord Orford, better known perhaps in the literary world by the name of Horace Walpole, records in his Walpoliana an iriſh bull, which he pronounces to be the beſt he had ever heard —"I hate that woman," ſaid a gentleman, looking at a perſon who had been his nurſe, "I hate that woman; for ſhe changed me at nurſe."

In this ſpeech ſuch is the confuſion of ideas, that, as his lordſhip obſerves, even perſonal identity is confounded—Philoſophers perhaps will not be ſo ready as his lordſhip has been to call this a blunder of the firſt magnitude, merely becauſe it confounds perſonal identity—Whoever reads Locke's chapter on diverſity and identity, with or without attention, will acknowledge, that the ſubject is involved in ſome obſcurity, and the learned will probably be leſs inclined to laugh at our Hibernian.—Thoſe who have never been initiated into the myſteries of metaphyſics may have the preſumptuous ignorance to fancy, that they underſtand what is meant by the common words *I* or *me*; but the able metaphyſician well knows how to prove to our ſatisfaction, that we know nothing of the matter. According to Locke, perſonal identity depends on conſciouſneſs—It is but doing juſtice to his authority to quote his very words.

"Perſonal identity conſiſts not in the identity of ſubſtance, but, as I have ſaid, in the identity of conſciouſneſs, wherein Socrates and the preſent mayor of Quinborough agree, they are the ſame perſon; if the ſame Socrates, ſleeping and waking, do not partake of the ſame conſciouſneſs, Socrates waking and ſleeping is not the ſame

perſon, and to puniſh Socrates waking for what ſleeping Socrates thought, and waking Socrates was never conſcious of, would be no more of right than to puniſh one twin for what his brother twin did, whereof he knew nothing, becauſe their outſides are ſo like that they could not be diſtinguiſhed: for ſuch twins have been ſeen*."

We may preſume that our Hibernian who was changed at nurſe, was ſo like his foſter brother, that the identity of ſubſtance could not eaſily be aſcertained by his parents during his infancy; and when he arrived at mans' eſtate, his own conſciouſneſs could not reach to the time when the act of changing at nurſe was performed; conſequently there was no continuity of identity between the infant who was changed at nurſe, and the man who hated the nurſe for perpetrating the change; ergo, the Iriſhman could not confound that which did not exiſt as to him, viz. identity.

Far be it from us to apologiſe for the groſſneſs of his bull; we ſimply meant to aſſert, that it is not the beſt of bulls, and that it is even deſtitute of originality.—The confuſion of identity, which

* Locke's Eſſay concerning Human Underſtanding, fifteenth edition, Vol. 1, p. 292.

ſo much excited lord Orford's admiration in our Hibernian, is by no means unprecedented in France, England, or ancient Greece; and conſequently it cannot be an inſtance of national idioſyncracy, or an iriſh bull. We find a ſimilar blunder in Spain, in the time of Cervantes:—

"Pray tell me, ſquire," ſays the dutcheſs in Don Quixote, "is not your maſter the perſon whoſe hiſtory is printed under the name of the ſage Hidalgo Don Quixote de la Mancha, who profeſſes himſelf the admirer of one Dulcinea del Toboſo?"

"The very ſame, my lady," anſwered Sancho; "and I myſelf am that very ſquire of his, who is mentioned, or ought to be mentioned, in that hiſtory, *unleſs they have changed me in the cradle.*"

In Moliere's Amphitrion there is a dialogue between Mercure and Socie, evidently taken from the *attic* Lucian. Socie being completely puzzled out of his perſonal identity, if not out of his ſenſes, literally. "Of my being myſelf I begin to doubt in good earneſt; yet when I feel myſelf, and when I recollect myſelf, it ſeems to me that *I* am I*."

* "De moi je commence à douter tout de bon;
Pourtant quand je me tâte, & quand je me rapplle,
Il me ſemble que je ſuis moi."

An example ſtill nearer home might be produced to illuſtrate this ſubject; we allude to the well known caſe of an engliſh woman, in whom all idea of perſonal identy was abſolutely confounded by a ſimple ſhortning of her dreſs during ſleep. Her exclamation when ſhe wakens is full in the recollection of every child in England, and is beautifully appoſite.

"Oh," ſays the little woman, "this is [redacted] of *I*."

The difficulty of ſelecting from the vulgar herd of iri[redacted]bulls one, that ſhall be entitled to the prize, [redacted]om the united merits of preeminent abſurdity, and indiſputable originality, is greater than haſty judges may imagine. Many bulls, reputed to be bred and born in Ireland, are of foreign extraction; and many more, ſuppoſed to be unrivalled in their kind, may be matched in all their capital *points:* for inſtance, there is not a more celebrated bull than Paddy Blake's. When Paddy heard an engliſh gentleman ſpeaking of the fine echo at the lake of Killarney, which repeats the ſound forty times, he very promptly obſerved,—"Faith that's nothing at all to the echo in my father's garden, in the county of Galway; if you ſay to it—'How do

you do, Paddy Blake?" it will anſwer, 'Pretty well I thank you, ſir."

Now this echo of Paddy Blake's, which has long been the admiration of the world, is not a prodigy *unique* in it's kind; it can be matched by one recorded in the immortal works of the great lord Verulam.*

"I remember well," ſays this father of philoſophy, "that when I went to the echo at port Charenton, there was an old pariſian that took it to be the work of ſpirits, and of good ſpirits; 'for,' ſaid he, 'call Satan, and the echo will not deliver back the devil's name, but will ſay 'Va t'en."

The pariſian is ſurely ſuperior to the hiberni-an! Paddy Blake's ſimply underſtood and practiſed the common rules of good breeding; but port Charenton echo is "inſtinct with ſpirit," and endowed with a nice moral ſenſe. It is really edifying to obſerve how thoſe things, which have long been objects of popular admiration, ſhrink and fade when expoſed to the light of

* Natural Hiſtory, century III, p. 191.—*Bacon produces it to ſhow, that echoes will not readily return the letter S.*

ſtrict examination. A celebrated critic propoſed, that a work ſhould be written to inquire into the pretenſions of modern writers, to original invention, to trace their theſts, and to reſtore the property to the ancient owners. Such a work would require powers and erudition beyond what can be expected from any ordinary individual; the labour muſt be ſhared amongſt many, and we ſhall be proud to aſſiſt in aſcertaining the rightful property even of bulls and blunders; though without pretending, like ſome literary blood-hounds, to follow up a plagiariſm, where common ſagacity is at a fault.

Amongſt the famous bulls recorded by the illuſtrious Joe Miller, there is one, which is continually quoted as an example of original iriſh genius:—An engliſh gentleman was writing a letter in a coffee-houſe, and perceiving, that an iriſhman ſtationed behind him was taking that liberty which Parmenio uſed with his friend Alexander; inſtead of putting his ſeal upon the lips of the *curious impertinent*, the engliſh gentleman thought proper to reprove the Hibernian, if not with delicacy, at leaſt with poetical juſtice; he concluded writing his letter in theſe words: "I would ſay more, but a damned tall Iriſh-

man is reading over my ſhoulder every word I write."

"You lie, you ſcoundrel," ſaid the ſelf-convicted Hibernian.

This blunder is unqueſtionably excellent; but it is not originally Iriſh; it comes with other riches from the eaſt, as the reader may find by looking into a book by M. Galland, entitled "Remarkable Sayings of the Eaſtern Nations; tranſlated from their works in the arabic, perſian and turkiſh languages, (according to the copy printed at Paris) to be had at the Hague, at Lewis and Henry Vandole's, booksellers, in the Pooten, at the ſign of the Port Royal, M. DC. XCIV."

For the convenience of thoſe whoſe curioſity may not be ſufficiently active to hunt for this treaſure of oriental wiſdom, we ſubjoin the paſſage in queſtion:—

"A learned man was writing to a friend; troubleſome fellow was beſide him, who was looking over his ſhoulder at what he was writing.—The learned man, who perceived this, continued writing in theſe words, 'If an impertinent chap, who ſtands beſide me, were not looking at what I write, I would write many other things to you, which ſhould be known only to you and to me'

"The troubleſome fellow, who was reading on, now thought it incumbent on him to ſpeak, and ſaid, 'I ſwear to you, that I have not read [illegible] what you are writing.'

"The learned man replied, 'Blockhead as you are, why do you ſay to me what you are now ſaying*?"

* "Un ſavant écrivoit à un ami, & un importun étoit à côté de lui qui regardoit par deſſus l'épaule ce qu'il écrivoit.

"Le ſavant qui s'en apperçut écrivit ceci a la place: Si un impertinent qui eſt a mon coté ne regardoit pas ceque j'écris, je vous écrirois encore pluſieurs choſes qui ne doivent être ſuës que de vous & demoi.

"L'importun qui liſoit toujours prit la parole, et dit:

"Je vous jure que je n'ai regardé ni lu ce que vous écrivois.'

"Le ſavant repartit, 'Ignorant que vous êtes, pourquoi me dites vous donc ce que vous dites?"

Les Paroles remarquables des Orientaux—traduction de leurs ouvrages en Arabe, en Persan, & en Turc, (ſuivant la copie imprimée a Paris) a la Haye, chez Louis & Henry Vandole, marchand libraires, dans le Pooten, a l'enſeigne du Port Royal, M. DC. XCIV.

Making allowance for the difference of manners in eaſtern and northern nations, there is, certainly, ſuch a ſimilarity between this oriental anecdote and [illegible] Miller's ſtory, [illegible] clude, that the latter is ſtolen [illegible] ther. Now, an *iriſh* bull [illegible] of blunder *peculiar* to Ireland; thoſe that we have hitherto examined, though they may be called bulls by the ignorant vulgar, have no right, title, or claim to ſuch a diſtinction. We ſhould invariably exclude from that claſs all blunders, which can be found in another country. For inſtance, a ſpeech of the celebrated iriſh beauty, Lady C——, has been called a bull; but as a parallel can be produced in a ſpeech of an engliſh nobleman, *it tells for nothing.*

When her ladyſhip was preſented at court, his Majeſty, George the Second, politely hoped, "that, ſince her arrival in England, ſhe had been entertained with the gayeties of London."

"O yes, pleaſe your majeſty, I have ſeen every ſight in London, worth ſeeing, except a coronation."

This naïveté is certainly not equal to that of the engliſh earl marſhal, who, when his king found fault with ſome arrangement at his coro-

nation, ſaid—"Pleaſe your majeſty, I hope it will be better next time."

A naïveté of the ſame ſpecies entailed a heavy [illegible] upon the inhabitants of Beaune, in France, Be[illegible] is famous for burgundy; and Henry the Fourth, paſſing through his kingdom, ſtopped there, and was well entertained by his loyal ſubjects. His majeſty praiſed the burgundy which they ſat before him—"It was excellent! it was admirable!"

"O, ſire!" cried they, "do you think this excellent? *we have much finer* burgundy than this."

"Have you ſo? then you can afford to pay for it," replied Harry the Fourth; and he laid a double tax thenceforward upon the burgundy of Beaune.

Of the ſame claſs of blunders is the following ſpeech, which we heard not long ago from an Iriſhman:—

"Pleaſe your worſhip he ſent me to the devil, and I came ſtraight to your honour."

We thought this an original iriſh blunder, till we recollected it's prototype in Marmontel's Annette and Lubin. Lubin concludes his harangue with: "The bailiff ſent us to the devil,

and we came to put ourſelves under your protection, my lord*."

The French, at leaſt in former times, were celebrated for politeneſs; yet we meet with a *naive* compliment of a Frenchman, which would have been accounted a bull if it had been found in Ireland.

A gentleman was complimenting madame Denis on the manner in which ſhe had juſt acted Zara†.

"To act that part," ſaid ſhe, "a perſon ſhould be young and handſome."

"Ah, madam!" replied the complimenter *naivement*; "you are a complete proof of the contrary."

We know not any original iriſh bull equal to this.

* "Le bailli nous donne au diable, et nous nous recommandons à vous, monſeigneur."

† "On faiſoit compliment à madame Denis de la facon dont elle venoit de jouer Zaire.

"Il faudroit,' dit elle, 'etre belle et jeune.'

"Ah, madame!' reprit le complimenteur naivement; 'vous etes bien la preuve du contraire."

CHAPTER IV.

IRISH NEWSPAPERS.

We preſume that we have ſucceſsfully diſputed the claims impoſed upon the public, in behalf of certain ſpurious, alien blunders, pretending to be native, original iriſh bulls; and we ſhall now with pleaſure proceed to examine thoſe which have better titles to notice. Even nonſenſe ceaſes to be worthy of attention and public favour, unleſs it be original.

"Dear lady Emily," ſays miſs Allſcrip, in the exquiſite comedy of the Heireſs—"Dear lady Emily, don't you doat upon folly?"

"To ecſtacy!" replies her ladyſhip, "I only deſpair of ſeeing it well kept up,"

We flatter ourſelves 'there is no danger of that,' for we have the iriſh newſpapers before us, where, no doubt, we ſhall find a freſh harveſt of indigenous abſurdity ripe for the ſickle.

The firſt advertiſement that meets our eye is promiſing.

It is the late proclamation of an iriſh mayor, in which we are informed, that certain buſineſs is to be tranſacted in this city 'every Monday, (Eaſter Sunday only excepted).' This ſeems rather an unneceſſary exception; but it is not an inadvertency, cauſed by any hurry of buſineſs in his worſhip, it is deliberately copied from a precedent ſet in England, by a baronet formerly well known in parliament, who, in the preamble to a bill, propoſed, that certain regulations ſhould take place 'on every Monday (Tueſday excepted).' We fear alſo, that an engliſh mayor has been known to blunder.—Some years ago the mayor of a capital engliſh city publiſhed a proclamation and advertiſement, previous to the races, 'that no gentleman will be allowed to ride on the courſe, but *the horses* that are to run.' A mayor's blundering proclamation is not, however, worth half ſo much in the eye of ridicule, as a lord lieutenant's.

'A ſaint in crape is twice a ſaint in lawn,'

A bull on the throne is worth twice as much as a bull in the chair.

"By the lord lieutenant and council of Ireland.

"A PROCLAMATION.

****,

"Whereas the greateſt economy is neceſſary in the conſumption of *all ſpecies of grain, and, eſpecially, in the conſumption of potatoes*, &c.

"Given at the council chamber in Dublin."

This is the firſt time we have been informed, by authority, that potatoes are a ſpecies of grain; but we muſt accede to this new botanical arrangement, when publiſhed under ſuch ſplendid auſpicies. The aſſertion, certainly, is not made in diſtinct terms, but all who underſtand the conſtruction of language muſt imply the concluſion, that we draw from theſe premiſes. A general poſition is in the firſt member of the ſentence laid down, '*that the greatest economy is necessary in the consumption of all species of grain*:' A particular exemplification of the principle is made in the next clauſe—'*especially in the conſumption of potatoes.*'

The inference is as plain as can be made.

The next article in our newſpapers is an advertiſement of lands to be let to *an improving*

tenant:—' A few miles from Cork, in *a most ſporting country*, bounded by an *uncommon fine* turf bog, on the verge of which there are a number of fine *lime kilns*, where *that manure* may be had on very moderate terms, the diſtance for carriage not being many hundred yards. The whole lands being now in great heart, and completely laid down, entirely ſurrounded and divided by *impenetrable furze ditches, made of quarried ſtone, laid edgeways.*'

It will be a matter of difficulty to the untravelled engliſh reader, to comprehend how furze ditches can be made of quarried ſtone laid edgeways, or any way; and we fear that we ſhould only puzzle his intellects ſtill more, if we ſhould attempt to explain to him the myſteries of iriſh ditching in the technical terms of the country.

With the face of a ditch he may be acquainted, but to *the back*, and *gripe*, and bottom of the gripe, and top of the back of a ditch, we fear he is ſtill to be introduced.

We can never ſufficiently admire theſe furze ditches made of quarried ſtones, they can, indeed, be found only in Ireland: but we have heard in England of things almoſt as extraordinary. Dr. Grey, in his erudite and entertaining notes on

Hudibras, records the depoſition of a lawyer, who in an action of battery told the judge, 'that the defendant beat his client with a certain *wooden inſtrument* called *an iron peſtle.*' Nay to go farther ſtill, a wiſe annotator on the Pentateuch, named Peter Harriſon, obſerved of Moſes's two *tables of ſtone*, that they were made of *ſhittim wood.* The ſtone furze ditches are ſcarcely bolder inſtances of the catachreſis, than the ſtone tables of ſhittim wood. This bold figure of rhetoric in an iriſh advertiſement of an eſtate may lead us to expect, that hibernian advertiſers may, in time, emulate the fame of Chriſtie, the prince of auctioneers, whoſe fine deſcriptive powers can make more of an eſtate on paper, than ever was made of it in any other ſhape, except in the form of an ejectment. The fictions of law, indeed, ſurpaſs even the auctioneer's imagination; and a man may be ſaid never to know the extent of his own poſſeſſions, until he is ſerved with an ejectment. He then finds himſelf required to give up the poſſeſſion of a multitude of barns, orchards, fiſh-ponds, horſe-ponds, dwelling-houſes, pigeon-houſes, dove-cotes, out-houſes, and appurtenances, which he never ſaw nor heard of, and which are no

where to be found upon the ſurface of the habitable globe: ſo that we cannot really expreſs this engliſh legal tranſaction, without being guilty of an iriſh bull, and ſaying, that the perſon ejected is *ousted* from places which he never entered.

To proceed with our newſpapers.—The next advertiſement is from a ſchool-maſter; but we ſhall not deſcant upon it's grammatical errors, becauſe they are not blunders peculiar to iriſh ſchool-maſters. We have frequently obſerved, that the advertiſements of ſchool-maſters, even in England, are ſeldom free from ſoleciſms: too much care in writing, it ſeems, is almoſt as bad as too little. In the preface of the dictionary of the french academy, there are, as it is computed by an able french critic, no leſs than ſixteen faults; and in Harris, the celebrated grammarian's dedication of his Harmes, there is one bull, and almoſt as many faults as lines. It appears as if the moſt preciſe and learned writers ſometimes, like the ladies in one of Congreve's plays, 'run into the danger to avoid the apprehenſion.'

After a careful ſcrutiny of the hibernian advertiſements, we are compelled to confeſs, that

we have not met with any blunders that more nearly reſembles our notion of an iriſh bull than one, which ſome years ago appeared in our engliſh papers. It was the title to an advertiſement of a waſhing machine, in theſe words—'Every *man* his own *waſherwoman!*' To come down to the preſent times; an eye witneſs aſſures us, that laſt ſummer he ſaw an advertiſement in the following terms, ſtuck up on the wall of an engliſh coffee-houſe—'This coffee-houſe removed up ſtairs!'

A roman emperor uſed to draw his ſtairs up after him every night into his bed-chamber, but drawing a whole houſe up into itſelf is new.

How can we account for ſuch a blunder in an engliſh advertiſement, except by ſuppoſing that it was penned by ſome iriſh waiter? If that were the caſe it would be an admirable example of an iriſh bull; and, therefore, we had beſt take it for granted.

Let not any conſcientious perſon be ſtartled at the mode of reaſoning, by which we have convicted an imaginary iriſh waiter of a real bull; it is at leaſt as good, if not better logic, than that which was ſucceſsfully employed in the time of the *popiſh plot*, to convict an iriſh

phyſician of forgery. The matter is thus recorded by l'Eſtrange. The iriſh phyſician 'was charged with writing a treaſonable libel, but denied the thing, and appealed to the unlikeneſs of the characters. It was agreed, they ſaid, that there was no reſemblance at all in the hands; but they aſſerted that the doctor had two hands, his *phyſic hand* and his *plot hand*, and the one not a jot like the other. Now this was the doctor's plot hand, and they inſiſted upon it, that becauſe it was not one of his hands, it muſt be like the other.'

By this convenient mode of reaſoning an iriſhman may at any time be convicted of any crime, or of any abſurdity.

But what have we next in our newſpaper—'Murder, Robbery, and Reward.'—This ſeems a ſtrange connexion of things, according to our vulgar notions of diſtributive juſtice; but we are told that the wicked ſhall have their *reward* even in this world, and we ſuppoſe it is upon this principle that over the ſtocks in a town in Ireland there appears this inſcription—'A reward for vagabonds.'

Upon proceeding further in our advertiſement, which begins with, 'Murder, Robbery, and

Reward,' we find, however, that, contrary to the juſt expectations raiſed by the title, the reward is promiſed not to the robbers and murderers, but to thoſe who ſhall diſcover and proſecute them to conviction. Here we were led into error by that haſty mode of eliſion, which ſometimes obtains in the titles of our engliſh law proceſs; as, ſci-fa, fi-fa, qui-tam, &c.; names which to preſerve the glorious uncertainty of the law, never refer to the ſenſe, but to the firſt words of the writs.

In our newſpaper a formidable liſt of unanimous reſolutions of various committees and corps ſucceeds to the advertiſement of murder, robbery, and reward, and we have, at the cloſe of each days buſineſs, thankſgiving in various formulas for the very proper, upright, or ſpirited behaviour of our worthy, gallant, or reſpected chairman. Now that a man may behave properly, or ſit uprightly in a chair, we can readily comprehend; but what are we to underſtand by a *ſpirited* behaviour in a chair? Perhaps it alludes to the famous duel fought by a gouty iriſh gentleman in his arm chair. As the gallant chairman actually in that poſition

ſhot his adverſary, it behoves us to *understand* the meaning of ſpirited behaviour in the chair.

We may, however, venture to hint, fas est et ab hoſte doceri, that, in the publications of corps and committees, this formula ſhould be omitted —' Reſolved *unanimously*, (with only *one* diſſentient voice.)' Here the obloquy meant to reſt on the one diſſentient voice unfortunately falls upon the publiſhers of the diſgrace, expoſing them to the ridicule of reſolving an iriſh bull. If this be a bull however, we are concerned to find, it is matched by that of the government of Munich, who publiſhed a catalogue of forbidden books, and afterwards, under heavy penalties forbade the reading of the catalogue. But this might be done in the hurry, occaſioned by the juſt dread of revolutionary principles.

What ſhall we ſay for the blunder of a french academician, in a time of profound peace, who gave it as his opinion, that nothing ſhould be read in the public ſittings of the academy ' par dela ce qui eſt impoſé par les ſtatuts: il motivait ſon avis en diſant—En fait *d'inutilites* il ne faut que *le necessaire.*'

If this ſpeech had been made by a member of the Royal Iriſh Academy, it would have had the

honour to be noticed all over England as a bull. *The honour to be noticed* we ſay, in imitation of the exquiſitely polite expreſſion of a correſpondent of the Engliſh Royal Society, who talks of 'the earthquake that had the honour to be noticed by the Royal Society.'

It will we fear be long before the Iriſh emerge ſo far from barbariſm as to write in this ſtyle.

The Iriſh are, however, we are happy to obſerve, making ſome little approaches to a refined and courtly ſtyle; kings, and, in imitation of them, great men, and all who think themſelves great—a numerous claſs—ſpeak and write as much as poſſible in the plural number, inſtead of the ſingular. Inſtead of *I* they always ſay *we*, inſtead of *my—our*, according to the Italian idiom, which flatters this humour ſo far as to make it a point of indiſpenſable politeneſs. It is, doubtleſs, in humble imitation of ſuch illuſtrious examples, that an Iriſhman, of the loweſt claſs, when he means to expreſs that he is a member of a committee, ſays *I am a Committee*. Thus conſolidating the power, wiſdom, and virtue of a whole committee in his own perſon. Superiour even to the indian, who believes that he ſhall

inherit the powers and virtues of his enemies after he has deſtroyed them*; this committee-man takes poſſeſſion of the faculties of his living friends and aſſociates. When ſome of the *united men*, as they call themſelves, were examined, they frequently anſwered to the queſtions, who, or what are you? I am a committee.

However extraordinary it may at firſt ſound to hear one man aſſert that he is a whole committee, it is not more wonderful than that the whole parliament of Bourdeaux ſhould be found in a one horſe chair†.

We forbear to deſcant farther upon Iriſh committee-men, leſt we ſhould call to mind, merely the ſimilarity of name, the times when England had her committee-men, who were not perfectly free from all tinge of abſurdity. It is remarkable that in times of popular ferment, a variety of new terms are coined to ſerve the purpoſes and paſſions of the moment. In the days

* "So indian murderers hope to gain
"The powers and virtues of the ſlain,
"Of wretches they deſtroy."

† Vide Mémoires du Cardinal de Retz.

of the engliſh committee-men this practice had riſen to ſuch a height, that it was fair gain for ridicule. Accordingly Sir John Birkenhead about that time found it neceſſary to publiſh '*The Children's Dictionary; an exact Collection of all New Words born since Nov.* 3, 1640, *in Speeches, Prayers, and Sermons, as well thoſe that ſignify ſomething, as nothing.*' We obſerve that it has likewiſe been found neceſſary to publiſh in France *une Dictionaire neologique*, a dictionary of the new terms adopted ſince the revolution.

It muſt be ſuppoſed, that during the late diſturbances in Ireland many *cant* terms have been brought into uſe, which are not yet to be reckoned amongſt the acknowledged terms of the country. However abſurd theſe may be, they are not for our purpoſe proper ſubjects of animadverſion. Some countries have their birds of paſſage, and ſome their follies of paſſage, which it is ſcarcely worth while to ſhoot as they fly. It has often been ſaid, that the language of a people is a juſt criterion of their progreſs in civilization; but we muſt not take a ſpecimen of their vocabulary during the immediate prevalence of

any tranſient paſſion or prejudice. It is to be hoped, that all party barbariſms in language will now be diſuſed and forgotten; for ſome time has elapſed ſince we read the following article of country intelligence in a Dublin paper:

"General —— ſcoured the country yeſterday, but had not the good fortune to meet with a ſingle rebel."

The author of this paragraph ſeems to have been a keen ſportſman: he regrets the not meeting with a ſingle rebel, as he would the not meeting with a ſingle hare, or partridge; and he juſtly conſiders the human biped as fair game, to be hunted down by all who are properly qualified and licenſed by government. To the Engliſh it may ſeem a ſtrange ſubject of lamentation, that a gentleman could not meet with a ſingle rebel in the county of Wicklow, when they have ſo lately been informed from the high authority of a noble lord, that Ireland was ſo diſturbed, that whenever he went out, he called as regularly for his piſtols as for his hat and gloves. Poſſibly, however, this was only a figure of ſpeech, like that of biſhop Wilkins, who propheſied that the time would come when gentlemen, when they were to go a journey, would call for their

wings as regularly as they call for their boots. —We *believe* that the hyperboles of the privy counſellor and the biſhop are of equal magnitude.

CHAPTER V.

THE CRIMINAL LAW OF BULLS AND BLUNDERS.

MADAME de Sevignè obſerves, that there are few people ſufficiently candid, or ſufficiently enlightened, to diſtinguiſh, in their judgements of others, between thoſe faults and miſtakes which proceed from *manque d'eſprit*, and thoſe which ariſe merely from *manque d'usage*. We cannot appreciate the talents or characters of foreigners, without making allowance for their ignorance of our manners, of the idiom of our language, and the multifarious ſignification of ſome of our words. A french gentleman, who dined in London in company with the celebrated author of the Rambler, wiſhing to ſhow him a mark of peculiar reſpect, drank Dr. Johnſon's health in theſe words:—

"Your health, Mr. Vagabond."

Aſſuredly no well judging Engliſhman would undervalue the Frenchman's abilities, becauſe he miſtook the meaning of the words Vagabond and Rambler; nor would any wellbred gentleman put a foreigner out of countenance by openly laughing at ſuch a miſtake: he would imitate the politeneſs of a Frenchman, who, when Dr. Moore ſaid, "I am afraid the word I have juſt uſed is not French," replied, "Non, monſieur—Mais il mérite bien de l'etre." It would, indeed, be a great ſtretch of politeneſs to extend this to our iriſh neighbours; for no Iriſhman can ever deſerve to be angliciſed, though ſo many galliciſms have of late not only been naturaliſed in England, but even adopted by the moſt faſhionable ſpeakers and writers. The miſtaking a feminine for a maſculine noun, or a maſculine for a feminine, muſt in all probability, have happened to every Engliſhman, that ever opened his lips in Paris; yet without loſing his reputation for common ſenſe. But when a poor iriſh haymaker, who had but juſt learned a few phraſes of the engliſh language by rote, miſtook a feminine for a maſculine noun, and began his ſpeech in a court of juſtice with theſe words—"My lord, I am a poor widow," inſtead of,

"My lord I am a poor widower," it was ſufficient to throw a grave judge and jury into convulſions of laughter. It was formerly in law no murder to kill a *merus Hibernicus;* and it is to this day no offence againſt good manners to laugh at any of this ſpecies. It is of a thouſand times more conſequence to have the laugh than the argument on our ſide, as all thoſe know full well, who have any experience in the management of the great or little vulgar. By the common cuſtom and courtecy of England we *have* the laugh on our ſide: let us keep it by all means. All means are juſtifiable to obtain a great end, as all great men maintain in practice, if not in theory. We need not in imitating them have any ſcruples of conſcience; we need not apprehend, that to ridicule our hibernian neighbours unmercifully is unfriendly or ungenerous. Nations, it has been well obſerved, are never generous in their conduct towards each other. We muſt follow the common *cuſtom* of nations, where we have no *law* to guide our proceedings.

We muſt therefore carefully continue the laudable practice of ridiculing the blunders, whether real or imaginary, of Iriſhmen.

In converſation, Engliſhmen are permitted

ſometimes to blunder, but without ever being called blunderers. It would indeed be an intolerable reſtraint upon ſocial intercourſe, if every man were ſubject to be taxed for each inaccuracy of language—if he were compelled to talk, upon all occaſions, as if he were amenable to a ſtar-chamber of criticiſm, and ſurrounded by informers.

Much muſt be allowed for the licenſe of converſation; but by no means muſt this converſation-licenſe be extended to the Iriſh. If, for inſtance, at the convivial hour of dinner, when men are not uſually intent upon grammatical or mathematical niceties, an iriſh gentleman deſires him, who 'rules his roaſt,' to cut the ſurloin of beef *horizontally downwards*, let the miſtake immediately be ſet down in our note-books, and conned over, and got by heart; and let it be repeated to all eternity as a bull. But if an engliſh lady obſerve, when the candles have long ſtood unſnuffed, that 'thoſe odious long wicks will ſoon grow up to the cieling,' ſhe can be accuſed only of an errour of viſion. We conjure our readers to attend to theſe diſtinctions in their intercourſe with their hibernian neighbours: it muſt be done habitually and technically; and

we muſt not liſten to what is called reaſon; we muſt not enter into any argument, pro or con, but ſilence every iriſh opponent—if we can—with a laugh.

The abbé Girard, in his accurate work, 'Synonymes Francois,' makes a *plauſible* diſtinction between *un ane* et *un ignorant:* he ſays, 'On eſt ane par diſpoſition; on eſt ignorant par défaut d'inſtruction.'—An ignorant perſon may certainly, even in the very circumſtance which betray his ignorance, evince conſiderable ability. For inſtance, the native Indian, who for the firſt time ſaw a bottle of porter uncorked, and who expreſſed great aſtoniſhment at the quantity of froth, which burſt from the bottle, and much curioſity to know whether it could all be put in again, ſhowed even in his ignorance a degree of capacity, which in different ſituations might have ſaved his life, or have made his fortune. In the ſituation of the poor fiſherman, and the great giant of ſmoke, who iſſued from the ſmall veſſel, well known to all verſed in the Arabian Tales, ſuch acuteneſs would have ſaved his life; and a ſimilar ſpirit of inquiry, applied to chemiſtry, might, in modern times, have made his fortune. Even where no poſitive abilities are

diſplayed at the time by thoſe who manifeſt ignorance, we ſhould not *(except the culprits are natives of Ireland)* haſtily give them up. Ignorance of the moſt common objects is not only incident to certain ſituations, but abſolutely unavoidable; and the individuals placed in thoſe ſituations are no more blamable, than they would be for becoming blind in the ſnows of Lapland, or for having goitres, amongſt the Cretins of le Vallais. Would you blame the ignorant nuns, who, inſenſible of the danger of an eruption of Mount Veſuvius*, warmed themſelves at the burning lava which flowed up to the windows of their cells? or would you think the french canoneſs an idiot, who, at the age of fifty, was permitted on account of her health to go out of her convent, and aſked, when ſhe met a cow for the firſt time, what ſtrange animal that was?—or would you think that thoſe poor children deſerve to be ſtigmatiſed as fools, who after being confined for a couple of years in an engliſh workhouſe, actually at eight years old had for-

* Vide Sir W. Hamilton's Account of an Eruption of Mount Veſuvius.

gotten the names of a pig and a calf*: their ignorance was ſurely more deplorable than ridiculous. When the London young lady kept a collection of chicken-bones on her plate at dinner, as a bonne-bouche for her brother's horſe†, Dr. Johnſon would not ſuffer her to be called an idiot, but very judiciouſly defended her by maintaining, that her action merely demonſtrated her ignorant of points of natural hiſtory, on which a London miſs had no immediate opportunity of obtaining information. Had the world always judged upon ſuch ſubjects with ſimilar candour, the reproachful cant term of *cockney* would never have been diſgracefully naturaliſed in the engliſh language. This word, as we are informed by a learned philologiſt, originated from a miſtake of a London citizen's ſon, who, having been bred up intirely in the metropolis, was ſo glorioufly ignorant of country life and country animals, that the firſt time he heard a *cock* crow, he

* This fact, *we believe*, is mentioned in a letter of Mrs. Cappe's on pariſh ſchools.

† Vide Mrs. Piozzi's Engliſh Synonymy.

called it *neighing*.—If ſuch a miſtake had been made by an Iriſhman, it would ſurely have been called a bull: it has at leaſt as good pretenſions to the title as many miſtakes made by ignorant Hibernians; for inſtance, the well-known blunder relative to the ſphinx:—An uninformed Iriſhman, hearing the ſphinx alluded to in company, whiſpered to a friend, "The ſphinx! who is that now?"

"A monſter, man."

"Oh, a *Munſter*-man: I thought he was from Connaught," replied the Iriſhman, determined not to ſeem totally unacquainted with the family. Groſs and ridiculous as this blunder appears, we are compelled by condour to allow, that the affectation of ſhowing knowledge has betrayed to ſhame men far ſuperiour to our Hibernian both in reputation and in the means of acquiring knowledge.

Cardinal Richelieu, the Mecænas or would be Mecænas of France, once miſtook the name of a noted grammarian, *Maurus Terentianus*, for a play of Terence's. This is called by the French writer who records it, "une *bevue* bien groſſière." However groſs, a miſtake can never be made into a bull. We find *bevues* french,

engliſh, italian, german, latin, and greek, of theologians, hiſtorians, antiquarians, poets, critics and tranſlators without end. The learned Budæus takes ſir Thomas More's Utopia for a true hiſtory, and purpoſes ſending miſſionaries to work the converſion of ſo wiſe a people as the Utopians. An engliſh antiquarian* miſtakes a tomb in a gothic cathedral for the tomb of Hector. Pope, our great poet and prince of tranſlators, miſtakes *Decade the 8th, Novel the 5th,* of Cinthio, for Dec. 8th, Nov. 5th; and Warburton, his learned critic, improves upon the blunder by afterwards writing the words December and November at full length. Better ſtill, becauſe more comic, is the blunder of a Frenchman, who, puzzled by the title of one of Cibber's plays, "Love's Laſt Shift," tranſlates it, "La dernière chemiſe de l'amour." We laugh at theſe miſtakes and forget them; but who can forget the blunder of the Cork almanack maker, who informs the world, that the principal republics in *Europe* are Venice, Holland, and *America?*

* John Lydgate.

The blunders of men of all countries, except Ireland, do not affix an indelible ſtigma upon individual or national character. A free pardon is, and ought to be, granted by every Engliſhman to the vernacular and literary errors of thoſe, who have the happineſs to be born ſubjects of Great Britain. What enviable privileges are annexed to the birth of an Engliſhman! and what a misfortune it is, to be a native of Ireland.

CHAPTER VI.

LITTLE DOMINICK.

We have laid down the general law of bulls and blunders; but as there is no rule without an exception, we may perhaps allow an exception in favour of little Dominick.

Little Dominick was born at Fort-Reilly, in Ireland, and bread no where until his tenth year, when he was ſent to Wales to learn manners and grammar at the ſchool of Mr. Owen ap Davies ap Jenkins ap Jones. This gentleman had reaſon to think himſelf the greateſt of

men; for he had over his chimney-piece a well-ſmoaked genelogy, duly atteſted, tracing his anceſtry in a direct line up to Noah; and moreover he was nearly related to the learned etymologiſt, who in the time of queen Elizabeth wrote a folio to prove that the language of Adam and Eve in paradiſe was pure Welſh.—With ſuch cauſes to be proud, Mr. Owen ap Davies ap Jenkins ap Jones was excuſable for ſometimes ſeeming to forget that a ſchoolmaſter is but a man. He however ſometimes entirely forgot that a boy is but a boy; and this happened moſt frequently with reſpect to little Dominick.

This unlucky wight was flogged every morning by his maſter, not for his vices, but for his vicious conſtructions, and laughed at by his companions every evening for his idiomatic abſurdities. They would probably have been inclined to ſympathiſe in his misfortunes, but that he was the only iriſh boy at ſchool; and as he was at a diſtance from all his relations, and without a friend to take his part, he was a juſt object of obloquy and deriſion: Every ſentence he ſpoke was a bull; every two words he put together proved a falſe concord; and every ſound he ar-

ticulated betrayed the brogue. But as he poſſeſſed ſome of the characteriſtic boldneſs of thoſe who have been dipped in the Shannon, though he was only little Dominick, he ſhowed himſelf able and willing to fight his own battles with the hoſt of foes by whom he was encompaſſed. Some of theſe, it was ſaid, were of nearly twice his ſtature. This may be exaggerated; but it is certain that our hero ſometimes ventured with ſly iriſh humour to revenge himſelf upon his moſt powerful tyrant by mimicking the Welſh accent, in which Mr. Owen ap Jones ſaid to him, "Cot pleſs me, you plockit, and ſhall I never *learn* you encliſh crammer?"

It was whiſpered in the ear of his Dionyſius, that our little hero was a mimick; and he was treated with increaſed ſeverity.

The midſummer holydays approached; but he feared that they would ſhine no holydays for him. He had written to his mother to tell her, that ſchool would break up the 21ſt, and to beg an anſwer, without fail, by return of poſt: but no anſwer came.

It was now nearly two months ſince he had heard from his dear mother or any of his friends

in Ireland. His ſpirits began to ſink under the preſſure of theſe accumulated misfortunes; he ſlept litte, ate leſs, and played not at all; indeed nobody would play with him upon equal terms, becauſe he was nobody's equal: his ſchoolfellows continued to conſider him as a being, if not of a different ſpecies, at leaſt of a different *caſt* from themſelves.

Mr. Owen ap Jones's triumph over the little iriſh plockit was nearly complete, for the boy's heart was almoſt broken, when there came to the ſchool a new ſcholar—O, how unlike the others!—His name was Edwards; he was the ſon of a neighbouring welſh gentleman. When he ſaw how poor Dominick was perſecuted, he took him under his protection, fought his battles with welſh boys, and, inſtead of laughing at him for ſpeaking Iriſh, he endeavoured to teach him to ſpeak Engliſh. In his anſwers to the firſt queſtions Edwards ever aſked him, little Dominick made two blunders, which ſet all his other companions in a roar; yet Edwards would not allow them to be genuine bulls.

In anſwer to the queſtion, "Who is your father?" Dominick ſaid, with a deep ſigh, "I

have no father—I am an orphan*—I have only a mother."

'Have you any brothers and ſiſters?'

'No; I wiſh I had; for perhaps they would love me, and not laugh at me,' ſaid Dominick with tears in his eyes; 'but I have no brothers but myſelf.'

One day Mr. Jones came into the ſchool-room with an open letter in his hand, ſaying, 'here, you little iriſh plockit; here's a letter from your mother.'

The little iriſh blockhead ſtarted from his form, and, throwing his grammar on the floor, leaped up higher than he or any boy in the ſchool had ever been ſeen to leap before; and, clapping his hands, he exclaimed, 'A letter from my mother!—And *will* I hear the letter?—And *will* I ſee her once more?—And *will* I go home theſe holydays?—O, then I will be too happy!'

'There's no tanger of that,' ſaid Mr. Owen ap Jones; 'for your mother, like a wiſe ooman,

* Iliad, 6th Book, 1. 432, Andromache ſays to Hector, 'you will make your ſon an orphan, and your wife a widow.'

writes me here, that, py the advice of your cardian, to oom ſhe is coing to be married, ſhe will not pring you home to Ireland till I ſend her word you are perfect in your encliſh crammer at leaſt.'

'I have my leſſon perfect, ſir,' ſaid Dominick, taking his grammar up from the floor: *will* I ſay it now?'

'No, you plockit, you *will* not; and I will write your mother word, you have proke Priſcian's head four times this tay, ſince her letter came?'

Little Dominick, for the firſt time, was ſeen to burſt into tears—'*Will* I hear the letter?—*Will* I ſee my mother?—*Will* I go home?'

'You iriſh plockit!' continued the relentleſs grammarian; 'you iriſh plockit, will you never learn the tifference between *ſhall* and *will*?'

The welſh boys all grinned, except Edwards, who hummed loud enough to be heard,

"And *will* I ſee him once again?
"And *will* I hear him ſpeak?"

Many of the boys were fortunately too ignorant to feel the force of the quotation; but Mr.

Owen ap Jones underſtood it, turned upon his heel, and walked off.

Soon afterwards he ſummoned Dominick to his awful deſk; and pointing with his ruler to the following page in Harris's Harmes, bade him 'reat it, and underſtand it, if he could.'

Little Dominick read, but could not underſtand.

'Then reat it loud, you plockit.'

Dominick read aloud—

'There is *nothing appears ſo clearly* an object of the mind or intellect only as *the future* does, ſince we can find no place for it's exiſtence any where elſe: not but the ſame, if we conſider, *is equally true* of the paſt——.'

'Well, co on—What ſtops the plockit?—Can't you reat Encliſh now?'

'Yes, ſir; but I was trying to underſtand it—I was conſidering, that this is like what they would call an iriſh bull, if I had ſaid it.'

Little Dominick could not explain what he meant in Engliſh, that Mr. Owen ap Jones *would* underſtand; and, to puniſh him for his impertinent obſervation, the boy was doomed to learn all that Harris and Lowth have written to explain the nature of *ſhall* and *will*.—The reader, if he

be deſirous of knowing the full extent of the penance enjoined, may conſult Lowth's Grammar, p. 52, ed. 1799, and Harris's Hermes, p. 10, 11, and 12, 4th edition.

Undiſmayed at the length of his taſk, little Dominick only ſaid, 'I hope, if I ſay it all without miſſing a word, you will not give my mother a bad account of me and my grammar ſtudies, ſir.'

'Say it all firſt, without miſſing a word, and then I ſhall ſee what I ſhall ſay,' replied Mr. Owen ap Jones.

Even the encouragement of this oracular anſwer excited the boy's fond hopes ſo keenly, that he lent his little ſoul to the taſk, learned it perfectly, ſaid it at night, without miſſing one word, to his friend Edwards, and ſaid it the next morning, without miſſing one word, to his maſter.

'And now, ſir,' ſaid the boy, looking up, 'Will you write to my mother? And ſhall I go home?'

'Tell me firſt, whether you underſtand all this that you have learnt ſo cliply,' ſaid Mr. Owen ap Jones.

That was more than his bond. Our hero's

countenance fell; and he acknowledged, that he did not underſtand it perfectly.

'Then I cannot write a coot account of you and your crammer ſtudies to your mother; my conſcience coes againſt it,' ſaid the conſcientious Mr. Owen ap Jones.

No intreaties could move him. Dominick never ſaw the letter that was written to his mother; but he felt the conſequence. She wrote word this time punctually *by return of the post*, that ſhe was ſorry ſhe could not ſend for him home theſe holydays, as ſhe had heard ſo bad an account from Mr. Jones, &c., and as ſhe thought it her duty not to interrupt the courſe of his education, eſpecially his grammar ſtudies.

Little Dominick heaved many a ſigh when he ſaw the packings up of all his ſchoolfellows, and dropped a few tears as he looked out of the window, and ſaw them, one after another, get on their welſh ponies, and gallop off towards their homes.

'I have no home to go to,' ſaid he.

'Yes, you have,' cried Edwards; and *our* horſes are at the door to carry us there.'

'To Ireland? me! the horſes!' ſaid the poor boy, quite bewildered.

'No; the horſes cannot carry you to Ireland,' ſaid Edwards, laughing goodnaturedly, 'but you have a home now in England. I aſked my father to let me bring you home with me: and he ſays 'Yes,' like a dear good father, and has ſent the horſes—Come, let's away.'

'But will Mr. Jones let me go?'

'Yes; he dare not refuſe; for my father has a living in his gift, that Jones wants, and which he will not have, if he do not change his tune to you.'

Little Dominick could not ſpeak one word, his heart was ſo full.—No boy could be happier than he was, during theſe holydays: 'the genial current of his ſoul,' which had been frozen by unkindneſs, flowed with all it's natural freedom and force.

Whatever his reaſon might be, Mr. Owen ap Jones from this time forward was obſerved to change his manners towards his iriſh pupil. He never more complained unjuſtly of his preaking Priſcian's head, ſeldom called him iriſh plockit, and once would have flogged a welſh boy for taking up this caſt expreſſion of the maſter's, but that the iriſh blockhead begged the culprit off.

Little Dominick ſprang forward rapidly in his ſtudies: he ſoon ſurpaſſed every boy in the ſchool, his friend Edwards only excepted. In proceſs of time his guardian removed him to a higher ſeminary of education. Edwards had a tutor at home. The friends ſeparated. Afterward they followed different profeſſions in diſtant parts of the world; and they neither ſaw nor heard any more of each other for many years.

Dominick, now no longer little Dominick, went over to India as private ſecretary to one of our commanders in chief. How he has got into this ſituation, or by what gradations he roſe in the world, we are not exactly informed: we know only, that he was the reputed author of a much admired pamphlet on India affairs, that the diſpatches of the general to whom he was ſecretary were remarkably well written, and that Dominick O'Reilly, eſq., returned to England, after ſeveral years abſence, not miraculouſly rich, but with a fortune equal to his wiſhes. His wiſhes were not extravagant: his utmoſt ambition was to return to his native country with a fortune that would enable him to live independently of all the world, eſpecially of ſome of his

relations, who had not uſed him well. His mother was no more.

Upon his arrival in London, one of the firſt things he did was to read the iriſh newſpapers. —To his inexpreſſible joy, he ſaw the eſtate of Fort-Reilly advertiſed to be ſold—the very eſtate which had formerly belonged to his own family. Away he poſted directly to an attorney's in Cecil-ſtreet, who was empowered to diſpoſe of the land.

When this attorney produced a map of the well-known demeſne, and an elevation of that houſe, in which he had ſpent the happieſt hours of his infancy, his heart was ſo touched, that he was on the point of paying down more for an old ruin than a good new houſe would coſt. The attorney acted *honestly by his client*, and ſeized this moment to exhibit a plan of the ſtabling and offices, which, as ſometimes is the caſe in Ireland, were in a ſtyle far ſuperiour to the dwelling-houſe. Our hero ſurveyed theſe with tranſport. He rapidly planned various improvements in imagination, and planted certain ſpots in the demeſne.—During this time the attorney was giving directions to a clerk about ſome other bu-

neſs, ſuddenly the name of *Owen ap Jones* ſtruck his ear—He ſtarted.

'Let him wait in the front parlour: his money is not forthcoming,' ſaid the attorney; 'and if he keeps Edwards in jail till he rots——.'

'Edwards! Good heavens!—iſn jail!—What Edwards?' exclaimed our hero.

It was his friend Edwards.

The attorney told him that Mr. Edwards had been involved in great diſtreſs by taking upon himſelf his father's debts, which had been incurred in exploring a mine in Wales; that of all the creditors none had refuſed to compound, except a welſh parſon, who had been preſented to his living by old Edwards; that this Mr. Owen ap Jones had thrown young Mr. Edwards into jail for the debt.

'What is the raſcal's demand? He ſhall be paid off this inſtant,' cried Dominick, throwing down the plan of Fort-Reilly; 'ſend for him up, and let me pay him off upon the ſpot.'

'Had not we beſt finiſh our buſineſs firſt, about the O'Reilly eſtate, ſir,' ſaid the attorney.

'No, ſir; damn the O'Reilly eſtate,' cried he, huddling the map together on the deſk, and, taking up the bank notes, which he had begun

to reckon for the purchaſe money—'I beg your pardon, ſir—If you knew the facts, you would excuſe me—Why does not this raſcal come up to be paid?'

The attorney, thunderſtruck by this hibernian impetuoſity, had not yet found time to take his pen out of his mouth. As he ſat transfixed in his arm-chair, O'Reilly ran to the head of the ſtairs, and called out, in a ſtentorian voice, 'Here, you Mr. Owen ap Jones; come up and be paid off this inſtant, or you ſhall never be paid *at all.*'

Up ſtairs hobbled the old ſchoolmaſter, as faſt as the gout and welſh ale would let him—'Cot pleſs me, that voice,' he began.—

'Where's your bond, ſir?' ſaid the attorney.

'Safe here, Cot be praiſed,' ſaid the terrified Owen ap Jones, pulling out of his boſom, firſt a blue pocket-handkerchief, and then a tattered welſh grammar, which O'Reilly kicked to the farther end of the room.

'Here is my pond,' ſaid he, 'in the cram-mer,' which he gathered from the ground; there, fumbling over the leaves, he at length unfolded the precious depoſit.

O'Reilly ſaw the bond, ſeized it, looked at the ſum, paid it into the attorney's hands, tore the ſeal from the bond; then, without looking at old Jones, whom he dared not truſt himſelf to ſpeak to, he clapped his hat upon his head, and ruſhed out of the room. He was however, obliged to come back again, to aſk where Edwards was to be found.

'In the King's Bench priſon, ſir,' ſaid the attorney: 'but am I to underſtand,' cried he, holding up the map of the O'Reilly eſtate, 'am I to underſtand, that you have no further wiſh for this bargain?'

'Yes—No—I mean you are to underſtand that I am off,' replied our hero, without looking back—'I'm off—That's plain Engliſh.'

Arrived at the King's Bench priſon, he hurried to the apartment, where Edwards was confined—The bolt flew back; for even the turnkeys ſeemed to catch our hero's enthuſiaſm.

'Edwards, my dear boy! how do you do?—Here's a bond debt, juſtly due to you for my education—O, never mind aſking any unneceſſary queſtions; only juſt make haſte out of this undeſerved abode—Our old raſcal is paid off—Owen ap Jones, you know——Well, how the

man ſtares!—Why now will you have the aſ-ſurance to pretend to forget who I am? and muſt I *ſpake*,' continued he, aſſuming the tone of his childhood—'and muſt I *ſpake* to you again in my old iriſh brogue, before you will recollect your own *little Dominick?*'

When his friend Edwards was out of priſon, and when our hero had leiſure to look into buſineſs, he returned to the attorney, to ſee that Mr. Owen ap Jones had been legally ſatisfied.

'Sir,' ſaid the attorney, 'I have paid the plaintiff in this ſuit; and he is ſatisfied; but I muſt ſay,' added he with a contemptuous ſmile, 'that you iriſh gentlemen are rather in too great a hurry in doing buſineſs: buſineſs, ſir, is a thing that muſt be done ſlowly, to be well done.'

'I am ready now to do buſineſs as ſlowly as you pleaſe; but when my friend was in priſon, I thought the quicker I did his buſineſs the better—Now tell me what miſtake I have made, and I will rectify it inſtantly.'

'*Inſtantly!*—'Tis well, ſir, with your promptitude, that you have to deal with what prejudice thinks uncommon—an honeſt attorney.—Here are ſome bank notes of yours, ſir, amounting to a pretty round ſum—You made a

little blunder in this buſineſs: you left me the penalty, inſtead of the principal, of the bond—juſt twice as much as you ſhould have done.'

'Juſt twice as much as was in the bond, but not twice as much as I ſhould have done, nor half as much as I ſhould have done, in my opinion,' ſaid O'Reilly; 'but whatever I did, was with my eyes open: I was perſuaded you were an honeſt man; in which you ſee I was not miſtaken; and as a man of buſineſs, I knew you would pay Jones only his due. The remainder of the money I meant, and mean, ſhould lie in your hands for my friend Edwards's uſe. I feared he would not have taken it from my hands: I therefore left it in yours. To have taken my friend out of priſon merely to let him go back again to-day, for want of money to keep himſelf clear with the world, would have been a blunder indeed, but not an iriſh blunder; our iriſh blunders are never blunders of the heart.'

CHAPTER VII.

THE BLISS OF IGNORANCE.

No *well-informed* Engliſhman would laugh at the blunders of ſuch a character as little Dominick; but there are people who juſtify the aſſertion, that laughter ariſes from a ſenſe of real or imaginary ſuperiority. Now if it be true, that laughter has it's ſource in vanity, as the moſt ignorant are generally the moſt vain, they muſt enjoy this pleaſure in it's higheſt perfection. Unconſcious of their own deficiencies, and conſequently fearleſs of becoming in their turn the objects of ridicule, they enjoy in full ſecurity the delight of humbling their ſuperiours. How much are they to be admired for the courage with which they apply, on all occaſions, their teſt of truth! Wiſe men may be ſtruck with admiration, reſpect, doubt, or humility; but the ignorant, happily unconſcious that they know nothing, can be checked in their merriment by no conſideration, human or divine.—Theirs is the ſly ſneer, the dry joke, and the horſe laugh:

theirs the comprehenſive range of ridicule, which takes 'every creature in, of every kind.' No faſtidious delicacy ſpoils their ſports of fancy; though ten times told, the tale to them can never be tedious; though dull 'as the fat weed that grows on Lethe's bank,' the jeſt for them has all the poignancy of ſatire: on the very offals, the garbage of wit, they can feed and batten. For them the jokes of Joe Miller have that infinite variety, which cuſtom cannot ſtale. Happy they who can find in every jeſter the wit of Sterne or Swift; who elſe can wade through hundreds of thickly printed pages to obtain for their reward, ſuch witticiſms as the following*?—

"Two Iriſhmen having travelled on foot from Cheſter to Barnet, were confoundedly tired and fatigued by their journey; and the more ſo when they were told, that they had ſtill about ten

* The eldeſt partner in the firm of this book actually read the whole of Old Joe Miller, containing all the good things in above fifty jeſt books, publiſhed from 1558 to 1801, to obtain a competent knowledge of the treaſures of engliſh wit; he never felt ſo much tired even with Coke upon Littleton.

miles to go—'By my ſhoul and St. Patrick,' cries one of them, 'it is but five miles a piece.'

Here, notwithſtanding the promiſe of a jeſt held forth by the words,—'By my ſhoul and St. Patrick,' we are ultimately cheated of our hopes. To the ignorant, indeed, the word of pomiſe is kept to the mind as well as the ear; but others perceived, that inſtead of a bull, they have only a piece of ſentimental arithmethic, founded upon the elegant theorem, that friendſhip doubles all our pleaſures, and divides all our pains.

We muſt not, from falſe delicacy to our countrymen, here omit a piece of advice to engliſh retailers or inventors of iriſh blunders. Let them beware of ſuch prefatory exclamations as —'*By my ſhoul and St. Patrick! By Jasus! Arrah Honey! My dear Joy!* &c.,' becauſe all ſuch phraſes, beſide being abſolutely out of date and faſhion in Ireland, raiſes too high an expectation in the minds of his britiſh audience, operating as much to the diſadvantage of the ſtory-teller as the dangerous exordium of—'I'll tell you an excellent ſtory;' an exordium ever to be avoided by all prudent wits.

Another caution ſhould be given to well-meaning ignorance. Never produce that as an

iriſh bull, for which any perſon of common literature can immediately ſupply a precedent from our beſt authors. Never be at the pains, for inſtance, of telling, from Joe Miller, a *good* ſtory of an *iriſh* ſailor, who *travelled* with captain Cook *round* the world, and afterwards ſwore to his companions, that it was as flat as a table. This anecdote, however excellent, immediately finds a parallel in Pope.

"Mad Matheſis alone was unconfin'd,
"Too mad for mere material chains to bind;
"Now to pure ſpace lifts her extatic ſtare,
"Now running *round* the circle finds it ſquare."

Pope was led into the blunder of repreſenting mad Matheſis running *round the circle* and finding it *ſquare*, by a confuſed notion, that mathematicians had conſidered the circle as compoſed of ſtraight lines. His mathematical friends could have told him, that though it was talked of as a polygon, it was not ſuppoſed to be a ſquare; but *polygon* would not have rhymed to *ſtare;* and poets, when they launch into the ocean of words, muſt have an eye to the helm: at all events a poet, who is not ſuppoſed to be a

ſtudent of the exact ſciences, may be forgiven for a mathematical blunder. This affair of ſquaring the circle ſeems to be peculiarly liable to errour; for even an accurate mathematician cannot ſpeak of it without committing ſomething like a bull.

Dr. Hutton, in his treatiſe on menſuration, p. 119, ſays, 'As the *famous* quadrature of the late Mr. John Machin, profeſſor of aſtronomy in Greſham College, is extremely expeditious and *but little known*, I ſhall take this opportunity of explaining it.'

It is to be preſumed that the doctor here uſed the word *famous* in that acceptation, in which it is daily and hourly employed by our Bond-ſtreet loungers, by city apprentices, and men of the ton—'That was a *famous* good joke,'—'He is a *famous* whip,'—'We had a *famous* hop, &c.' Now it cannot be ſuppoſed, that any of theſe things are in themſelves entitled to fame; but they may, indeed, by the courteſy of England, be at once *famous* and but little known.

It is unneceſſary to enter into the defence either of Dr. Hutton or of Pope, for they were not born in Ireland, therefore they cannot make

bulls; and aſſuredly their miſtakes will not, in the opinion of any perſon of common ſenſe or candour, derogate from their reputation. 'Never ſtrike till you are ſure to wound,' is a maxim well known to the polite* and politick part of the world. 'Never laugh when the laugh can be turned againſt you,' ſhould be the maxim of thoſe, who find their chief pleaſure in making others ridiculous. This principle, if applied to our ſubject, would lead, however, to a very extenſive and troubleſome ſyſtem of mutual forbearance; troubleſome in proportion to the good or ill humour of the parties concerned, extenſive in proportion to their knowledge and acquirements. A man of cultivated parts will foreſee the poſſibility of the retort courteous, where an ignorant man will enjoy the fearleſs bliſs of ignorance. For example, an illiterate perſon may enjoy a hearty laugh at the common ſtory of an old iriſh beggar-man, who, pretending to be dumb, was thrown off his guard by the queſtion, 'How many years have you been dumb?' and anſwered, 'Five years laſt St. John's Eve, pleaſe you honour.'

* Lord Cheſterfield.

But our triumph over the Iriſhman abates, when we recollect in the Hiſtory of England, and in Shakeſpeare, the caſe of Saunder Simcox, who pretended to be miraculouſly and inſtantaneouſly cured of blindneſs at St. Alban's ſhrine.

Since we have beſtowed ſo much criticiſm on the blunder of a beggar-man, a word or two muſt be permitted on the blunder of a thief. It is natural for ignorant people to laugh at the Hibernian, who ſaid, that he had ſtolen a pound of chocolate *to make tea of.* But philoſophers are diſpoſed to abſtain from the laugh of ſuperiority, when they recollect, that the Iriſhman could probably make as good tea from chocolate, as the chemiſt could make butter, ſugar, and cream, from antimony, ſulphur, and tartar. The abſurdities in the ancient chemical nomenclature could not be ſurpaſſed by any in the hibernian catalogue. If the reader ſhould think this a raſh and unwarrantable aſſertion, we refer him to an eſſay*,

* Eſſay on Chemical Nomenclature, by S. Dickſon, M. D.; in which are compriſed obſervations on the ſame ſubject, by R. Kirwan, Pres. R. I. A.—Vide pages 21, 22, 23, &c.

in which the flagrant abuſes of ſpeech in the old language of chemiſtry are admirably expoſed and ridiculed.—Could an Iriſhman confer a more appropriate appellation upon a white powder, than that of *beautiful black?*

It is really provoking to perceive, that as our knowledge of ſcience or literature extends, we are in more danger of finding, in our own and foreign languages, parallels and precedents for iriſh blunders; ſo that a very well informed man can ſcarcely with any grace or conſcience ſmile, where a booby ſquire might enjoy a long and loud laugh of contempt.

What crowds were collected to ſee the iriſh* bottle conjurer get into a quart bottle; but Dr. Deſaguliers had prepared the Engliſh to think, ſuch a condenſation of animal particles not impoſſible. He ſays, Vol. I, p. 5, of his Lectures on Natural Philoſophy, 'that the nature of things ſhould laſt and their natural courſe continue the ſame; all the changes made in bodies, muſt

* This conjuror, whoſe name was Broadſtreet, was a native of the county of Longford, in Ireland: he by this hit pocketed 200l. and proved himſelf to be more knave than fool.

ariſe only from the various ſeparations, new conjunctions, and motions, of theſe original particles. *These must be imagined of an inconceivable smallness*, but by the union of them there are made bigger lumps, &c.'

Indeed things are now come to ſuch a lamentable paſs, that without either literary or ſcientifick acquirements, mere local knowledge, ſuch as can be obtained from a finger-poſt, may ſometimes prevent us from the full enjoyment of the bœotian abſurdity of our neighbours. What can, at firſt view, appear a groſſer blunder, than that of the iriſhman, who begged a friend to look over his library, to find for him the hiſtory of the world before the creation? Yet this anachroniſm of ideas is not unparallelled; it is matched, though on a more contracted ſcale, by and inſcription of a britiſh finger-poſt—

"Had you ſeen theſe roads before they were made,
"You'd lift up your eyes, and bleſs marſhal Wade."

There is, however, a rabbi, mentioned by Bayle, who far exceeds both the iriſhman and

the finger-poſt. He aſſerts, that Providence queſtioned Adam, concerning the creation, before he was born; and that Adam knew more of the matter than the angels who had laughed at him.

Thoſe who ſee things in a philoſophical light, muſt have obſerved more frequently than others, that there is in this world a continual recurrence or rotation of ideas, events, and blunders. With his utmoſt ingenuity or his utmoſt abſurdity, a man, in modern days, cannot contrive to produce a ſyſtem for which there is no prototype in antiquity, or to commit a blunder, for which there is no precedent. For example, during the late rebellion in Ireland, at the military execution of ſome wretched rebel, the cord broke, and the criminal, who had been only half hanged, fell to the ground. The major, who was ſuperintending the execution, exclaimed, 'You raſcal, if you do that again, I'll kill you, as ſure as you breathe.'

Now this is by no means an original idea. In an old French book, called 'La Charlatanerie des Savans,' is the following note—'D'autres ont propoſé et reſolu en meme tems des queſtions ridicules: par exemple celle-ci. Devroit

on faire ſouffrir une ſeconde fois le meme genre de mort à un criminel, qui après avoir eu la tete coupée viendroit à reſuſciter ?"—*Finkelth* Præf. ad Obſervationes pract. num. 12.

The paſſionate major, inſtead of being a mere iriſh *blunderer*, was, without knowing it, a learned caſuiſt; for he was capable of deciding, in one word, a queſtion, which it ſeems had puzzled the underſtandings of the ableſt lawyers of France, or which had appalled their conſcientious ſenſibility.

Alas, there is nothing new under the ſun!

"Where ignorance is bliſs, 'tis folly to be wiſe."

CHAPTER VIII.

"THOUGHTS THAT BREATHE, AND WORDS THAT BURN."

We lamented in our laſt chapter, that there is nothing new under the ſun, yet, perhaps, the thoughts and phraſeology of the following ſtory may not be familiar to the Engliſh.

"Pleaſe your honour," ſays a man, whoſe head is bound up with a garter, in token and

commemoration of his having been at a fair the preceding night—" Pleaſe your honor, it's what I am ſtriving ſince ſix o'clock and before, this morning, becaaſe I'd ſooner trouble you honour's honour than any man in all Ireland, on account of your character, and having lived under your family, me and mine, twinty years, aye, ſay forty again to the back o'that, in the old gentleman's time, as I well remember before I was born; that ſame time I heard tell of your own honour's riding a little horſe in green with your gun before you, a grouſing over our townlands, which was the mill and abbey of Ballynagobogg, though 'tis now ſet away from me (owing to them that belied my father) to Chriſty Salmon, becaaſe he's an orange-man—or his wife—though he was once (let him deny it who can), *to my certain knowledge*, behind the hayſtack in Tullygore, *ſworn in* a united man by captain Alick, who was hanged——Peace to the dead any how!——Well, not to be talking too much of that now, only for this Chriſty Salmon, I ſhould be ſtill living under your honour."

"Very likely; but what has all this to do with the preſent buſineſs. If you have any com-

plaint to make againſt Chriſty Salmon, make it —if not, let me go to dinner,"

"Oh, it would be too bad to be keeping your honour from your dinner, but I'll make your honour ſinſible immediately. It is not of Chriſty Salmon at all at all I'm talking. May be your honour is not ſinſible yet who I am—I am Paddy M'Doole, of the Curragh, and I've been a flax-dreſſer and dealer ſince I parted your honour's land, and was laſt night at the fair of Clonaghhilty, where I went juſt in a quiet way thinking of nothing at all, as any man might, and had my little yarn along with me, my wife's and the girl's year's ſpinning, and all juſt hoping to bring them back a few honeſt ſhillings as they deſarved—none better!—Well, pleaſe your honour, my beaſt loſt a ſhoe, which brought me late to the fair, but not ſo late but what it was as throng as ever; you could have walked over the heads of the men, women and childer, a foot and a horſeback, all buying and ſelling, ſo I to be ſure thought no harm of doing the like, ſo I makes the beſt bargain I could of the little hanks for my wife and the girls, and the man I ſold them to was juſt weighing them at the crane and I ſtanding forenent him—ſucceſs to myſelf!

ſaid I, looking at the ſhillings I was putting into my waiſtcoat pocket for my poor family, when up comes the inſpector, whom I did not know, I'll take my oath, from Adam, nor couldn't know, becaaſe he was the deputy inſpector, and had been but juſt made, of which I was ignorant by this book and all the books that ever were ſhut and opened—but no matter for that; he ſeizes my hanks out of the ſcales, that I had juſt ſold, ſaying they were unlawful and forfeit, becaaſe by his watch it was paſt four o'clock, which I denied to be poſſible, plaſe your honour, becaaſe not one, nor two, nor three, but all the town and country were ſelling the ſame as myſelf in broad day, only when the deputy came up they ſtopped, which I could not, by reaſon I did not know him.—'Sir,' ſays I (very civil), 'if I had known you it would have been another caſe, but any how I hope no jantleman will be making it a crime to a poor man to ſell his little matter of yarn for his wife and childer after two o'clock, when he did not know it was contrary to law at all at all.

'I gave you notice that it was contrary to law at the fair of Edgerſtown,' ſaid he.—'I axe your pardon, ſir, ſaid I, 'it was my brother, for

I was by.'—With that he calls me liar, and what not, and takes a gripe* of me and I a gripe of my flax, and he had a ſhilala† and I had none, ſo he gave it me over the head, I crying 'murder! murder!' the while, and clinging to the ſcales to ſave me, and they ſet a ſwinging and I with them, plaſe your honour, till the bame comes down a'top o'the back o'my head, and *kilt* me as your honour ſees,'

'I ſee that you are alive ſtill, I think.'

'It's not his fault if I am, plaſe your honour, for he left me for dead, and I am as good as dead ſtill; if it be pleaſing to your honour to examine my head, you'll be ſinſible I'm telling nothing but the truth. Your honour never *ſeen* a man kilt as I was and am—all which I'm ready (when convanient) to ſwear before your honour‡.'

* A gripe or faſt hold.

† An oak ſtick, ſuppoſed to be cut from the famous wood of Shilala.

‡ This is nearly verbatim from a late iriſh complainant.

The reiterated aſſurances which this hero gives us of his being killed, and the compoſure with which he offers to ſwear to his own aſſaſſination and deceaſe, appear rather ſurpriſing and ludicrous to thoſe, who are not aware, that *kilt* is here uſed in a metaphorical ſenſe, and that it has not the full force of our word killed. But we have been informed by a lady of unqueſtionable veracity, that ſhe very lately received a petition worded in this manner—

"To the right honourable lady E—— P——

"Humbly ſheweth,

"That your poor petitioner is now lying dead in a ditch, &c."

This poor iriſh petitioner's expreſſion, however prepoſterous it ſounds, might perhaps be juſtified, if we were inclined to juſtify an Iriſhman by the example, not only of poets comic and tragic, but of proſe writers of various nations. The evidence in favour both of the fact and the belief, that people can ſpeak and walk after they are dead, is atteſted by ſtout warriors and grave hiſtorians. The emperor Charles the fifth, we all know, aſſiſted at his own funeral, ſaid a maſs, and ſung a requiem over himſelf; but this was only "a mockery of woe." Let us

liſten to the ſolemn voice of a princeſs, who comes ſweeping in the ſceptered pall of gorgeous tragedy to inform us, that half herſelf has buried the other half—

'Weep eyes! melt into tears theſe cheeks to lave,
'One half myſelf lays t'other in the grave*.'

For ſix ſuch lines as theſe Corneille received ſix thouſand livres, and the admiration of the French court and people during the auguſtan age of french literature. But an Italian is not content with killing by halves. Here is a man from Italy who goes on fighting, not like Witherington, upon his ſtumps, but fairly after he is dead.

Nor yet perceived the vital ſpirit fled,
But ſtill fought on nor knew that he was dead†.'

"Pleurez, pleurez mes yeux et fondez vous en eau."
"La moitié de ma vie a mis l'autre au tumbeau."
"Il pover nomo che non s'en era accorto,
"Andava combattendo ed erà morto."

Common ſenſe is ſomewhat ſhocked, at th inſtance of an individual fighting after he is dea but we ſhall doubtleſs, be reconciled to the id by the example of a gallant and modern cor mander, who has declared his opinion, that n thing is more feaſible than for a garriſon to figh or at leaſt to ſurrender after they are dead, na after they are buried.—Witneſs this public d cument.

"LIBERTY AND EQULITY!

'May 29th, 30th Floreal, 6. } Garriſon of Oſtend.

'Muſcar, commandant of Oſtend, to the com mandant in chief of his britiſh majeſty.

'General,

'The council of war was ſitting when I re ceived the honour of your letters. We hav unanimouſly reſolved not to ſurrender the plac until we ſhall have been buried in it's ruin &c.'

One ſtep further in hyperbole is reſerved fo him, who, being buried, carries about his ow *ſepulchre.*

" To live a life half dead, a living death,
" And buried; but oh, yet more miſerable!
" Myſelf, my ſepulchre, a moving grave!"

No perſon, if he heard this paſſage for the firſt time from the lips of an Iriſhman, could heſitate to call it a ſeries of bulls; yet theſe lines are part of the beautiful complaint of Samſon Agoniſtes on his blindneſs. Such are the hyperboles ſanctioned by the genius, or, what with ſome judges may have more influence, the name of Milton. The bounds which ſeparate ſublimity from bombaſt, and abſurdity from wit, are as fugitive as the boundaries of taſte. Only thoſe, who are accuſtomed to examine and appraiſe literary goods, are ſenſible of the prodigious change that can be made in their apparent value, by a ſlight change in the manufacture. The abſurdity of a man's ſwearing he was killed, or declaring, that he is now dead in a ditch, is revolting to common ſenſe; yet the *living death* of Dapperwit in the 'Rape of the Lock' is not abſurd, but witty; and repreſenting men as dying many times before their death is in Shakeſpeare ſublime.

" Cowards die many times before their death;
" The brave can never taſte of death but once."

The moſt direct contradictions in words do not *(in english writers)* deſtroy the effect of irony, wit, pathos, or ſublimity.

In the claſſic ode to adverſity, the poet exclaims,—

" To each their ſufferings, all are men
" Condemn'd alike to groan;
" The feeling for another's woes,
" Th' *unfeeling* for their own."

Who but a half witted dunce would aſk, how thoſe that are unfeeling can have ſufferings? When Milton in melodious verſe inquires,

" Who ſhall tempt with *wandering feet*
" The dark *unbottomed* infinite abyſs,
" And through the *palpable obscure* find out
" His uncouth way?"

What Zoilus ſhall dare interrupt this flow of poetry, to object to the palpable obſcure, or to

aſk how feet can wander upon that which has no bottom?

It is eaſy, as Tully has long ago obſerved, to fix the brand of ridicule upon the *verbum ardens* of orators and poets—the 'Thoughts that breathe and words that burn.'

CHAPTER IX.

PRACTICAL BULLS.

As we have not hitherto been ſucceſsful in finding original iriſh bulls in language, we muſt now look for them in conduct. A perſon may be guilty of a ſoleciſm, without uttering a ſingle ſyllable—"That man has been guilty of a ſoleciſm with his hand," an ancient critic ſaid of an actor, who had pointed his hand upwards when invoking the infernal gods.—'You may act a lie as well as ſpeak one,' ſays Wallaſton*. Upon the ſame principle, the Iriſh may be ſaid to act as well as utter bulls. We ſhall give ſome inſtances of their practical bulls, which we hope to find unmatched by the blunders of all other

* Religion of Nature delineated.

nations. Moſt people, whether they be ſavage or civilized, can contrive to revenge themſelves upon their enemies without blundering, but the Iriſh are exceptions. They cannot even do this without *a bull.* During the late iriſh rebellion there was a banker to whom they had a peculiar diſlike, and on whom they had vowed vengeance; accordingly they got poſſeſſion of as many of his bank notes as they could, and made a bonfire of them! this might have been called a feu de joie, perhaps, but certainly not un feu d'artifice; for nothing could ſhew leſs art than burning a banker's notes, in order to deſtroy his credit. How much better do the Engliſh underſtand the art of vengeance! Captain Drinkwater* informs us, that during the ſiege of Gibraltar the Engliſh, being half famiſhed, were moſt violently enraged againſt the Jews, who withheld their ſtores of proviſion, and made money of the public diſtreſs, a crime *never committed except by Jews;* at length the fleet relieved the beſieged, and as ſoon as the freſh proviſions were given out, the engliſh ſoldiers and ſailors, to revenge themſelves upon the Jews,

* See his account of the ſiege of Gibraltar.

burſt open their ſtores, and actually roaſted a pig at a fire made of cinnamon. There are other perſons as well as the Iriſh, who do not underſtand their own intereſts where their paſſions are concerned. The great warrior Hyder Ali, once loſt a battle by a practical bull. Being encamped within ſight of the Britiſh, he reſolved to give them a high idea of his forces and of his artillery; for this purpoſe, before the engagement*, he ordered his army to march early, and conveying ſome large pieces of cannon to the top of a hill, he cauſed them to be pointed at the engliſh camp, where they carried admirably well, and occaſioned a kind of diſorder and haſte in ſtriking and removing tents, &c. Hyder, delighted at having thus inſulted the Engliſh, cauſed all his artillery, even the very ſmalleſt pieces, to be drawn up the hill for the purpoſe of making a vain parade, though the greater part of the ball could never reach the Engliſh; he imagined he ſhould give the enemy a high idea of his forces, and intimidate them by ſhowing all his artillery, and the vivacity with which it was worked; and in order that his intention

* Life of Hyder Ali Khan, vol. 2, p. 231.

might be anſwered, he encouraged the ſoldiers himſelf, by giving money to the cannoneers of thoſe pieces that appeared to be beſt ſerved, all which was matter of deriſion and laughter to the Engliſh; and in reality anſwered no other purpoſe than that of frightening the feathered inhabitants of the underwood that grew on the hill ſide.

The Engliſh, preſently after this farce was over, obliged Hyder to come down, from labour-in-vain hill, and to give them battle in earneſt. As the hiſtorian obſerves, "The ridiculous cannonade at the top of the hill had exhauſted his ammunition, his great guns were uſeleſs to him, and he loſt the day by his premature rejoicings before the battle." A ſtill more ancient precedent for this prepoſterous practical bull of rejoicting for an anticipated victory was given by Xerxes, we believe, who brought with him an immenſe block of marble, on which he intended to inſcribe the date and manner of his victory over the Greeks. When Xerxes was defeated, the Greeks dedicated this ſtone to Nemeſis, the goddeſs of vengeance. But Xerxes was in the habit of making practical bulls, ſuch as whipping the ſea, and begging

pardon for it afterwards; throwing fetters into the Helleſpont as a token of ſubjugation, and afterwards expiating his offence by an offering of a golden cup and perſian ſcymetar*.

To ſuch blunders can the paſſions betray the moſt renowned heroes, although they had not the misfortune to have been born in Ireland.

The impatience which induced Hyder Ali to anticipate victory, is not confined to military men and warlike operations; if we deſcend to common life and vulgar buſineſs, we ſhall find the ſame diſpoſition even in the precincts of Change-alley; thoſe who bargained for South Sea ſtock, that was not actually forthcoming, were called *bears*, in alluſion to the practice of the hunters of bears in Canada, who were accuſtomed to bargain for the ſkin of the bear before it was caught: but whence the correlative term *bull* is derived we are at a loſs to determine, and we muſt alſo leave it to the mercantile ſpeculators of England to explain, why gentlemen calls themſelves bulls of wheat and bulls of coals—all we can ſay is, that theſe are not iriſh bulls. There is one diſtinguiſhing pe-

* Herodotus.

culiarity of the iriſh bull—it's horns *are tipped with braſs**.

It is generally ſuppoſed, that perſons who have been dipped in the Shannon‡ are ever afterwards endued with a ſupernatural portion of what is called by enemies impudence or aſſurance, by friends ſelf-poſſeſſion or *civil courage*. Theſe invulnerable mortals are never oppreſſed with *mauvaiſe honte*, that malady, which keeps the faculties of the ſoul under imaginary impriſonment; as the night mare holds or ſeems to hold the powerleſs limbs of her victim. A well dipped Iriſhman, on the contrary, can move, ſpeak, think, like Demoſthenes, with as much eaſe, when the eyes of numbers are upon him, as if the ſpectators were ſo many cabbage ſtocks. This virtue of *civil courage* is of ineſtimable value in the opinion of the beſt judges—the great lord Verulam; no one by the by could be a better judge of it's value than he, who wanted it ſo

* See the advice of Cleomenes to Crius.
HERODOTUS ERATO.

‡ It is ſaid, that the waters of the Garonne are famed for ſimilar virtue.

much—the great lord Verulam declares, that if he were aſked what is the firſt, ſecond, and third thing neceſſary to ſucceſs in public buſineſs, he ſhould anſwer boldneſs, boldneſs, boldneſs! Succeſs to the nation which poſſeſſes it in perfection. Bacon was too acute and candid a philoſopher not to acknowledge, that like all the other goods of life this ſame boldneſs has it's countervailing diſadvantages.

"Certainly" ſays he, "to men of great judgment, bold perſons are a ſport to behold; nay, and to the vulgar, boldneſs hath ſomewhat of the ridiculous, for if abſurdity be the ſubject of laughter, doubt you not but great boldneſs is ſeldom without ſome abſurdity; eſpecially it is a ſport to ſee when a bold fellow is out of countenance, for that puts his face into a moſt ſhrunken and wooden poſture, as needs it muſt"

The man, however, who poſſeſſes boldneſs in perfection, can never be put out of countenance, and, conſequently, can never exhibit, for the ſport of his enemies, a face in this wooden poſture. It is the deficiency, and not the exceſs of this quality, that is to be feared. Civil boldneſs without military courage would, indeed, be ſomewhat ridiculous: but we cannot

accuſe the Iriſh of any want of military courage; on the contrary, it is ſuppoſed in England, that an Iriſhman is always ready *to give ſatisfaction*, even where none is deſired.

At the cloſe of the american war, as a noble lord, of high naval character, was returning home to his family after various eſcapes from danger, he was detained a day at Holyhead by contrary winds. Reading in a ſummer houſe, he heard the well known ſound of bullets whiſtling near him, he looked about, and found that two balls had juſt paſſed through the door cloſe beſide him; he looked out of the window, and ſaw two gentlemen who were juſt charging their piſtols again, and as he gueſſed, that they had been ſhooting at a mark upon the door, he ruſhed out, and very civily remonſtrated with them on the imprudence of firing at the door of a houſe, without having previouſly examined whether any one was within ſide. One of them immediately anſwered, in a tone which proclaimed at once his diſpoſition and his country —"Sir, I did not know you were within there, and I don't know who you are now; but if I've given offence, I am willing," ſaid he, holding out the ready charged piſtols, "to give you

the satisfaction of a gentleman——take your choice."

With his uſual preſence of mind, the noble lord ſeized hold of both the piſtols, and ſaid to his aſtoniſhed countryman—"Do me the juſtice, ſir, to go into that ſummer houſe, ſhut the door, and let me have two ſhots at you, then we ſhall be upon equal terms; and I ſhall be quite at your ſervice to give or receive the *satisfaction of a gentleman.*"

There was an air of drollery and of ſuperiority in his manner, which at once ſtruck and pleaſed the Hibernian.—"Upon my conſcience, ſir, I believe you are a very honeſt fellow," ſaid he, looking him earneſtly in the face, "and I've a great mind to ſhake hands with you.—Will you only juſt tell me who you are?"

The nobleman told his name—a name dear to every Briton and every Iriſhman!

"I beg your pardon, and that's what no man ever accuſed me of doing before," cried the gallant Hibernian; and had I known who you were, I would as ſoon have *ſhot my own ſoul* as have fired at the door.—But how could I tell who was within ſide?"

"That is the very thing of which I complain," ſaid his Lordſhip.

His candid opponent admitted the juſtice of the complaint as ſoon as he underſtood it, and he promiſed never more to be guilty of ſuch a practical bull.

CHAPTER X.

THE DUBLIN SHOEBLACK.

Upon looking over our laſt chapter on practical bulls, we were much concerned to find, that we have ſo few iriſh and ſo many foreign blunders. It is with ſtill more regret we perceive, that notwithſtanding our utmoſt diligence, we have not yet been able to point out the diſtinguiſhing characteriſtick of an iriſh bull. But to compenſate for this diſappointment we have deviſed a ſyllogiſm, which ſome people may prefer to an a priori argument, to prove irrefragably, that the Iriſh are blunderers.

After the inſtances we have produced, chapter 8th, of the *verbum ardens* of engliſh and foreign poets; and after the reſemblance, that

we have pointed out betwixt certain figures of rhetotick and the iriſh bull; we have little reaſon to fear, that the candid and enlightened reader ſhould object to our major.

Major.—Thoſe who uſe figurative language are diſpoſed to make bulls.

Minor.—The Iriſh uſe figurative language.

Conclusion.—Therefore the Iriſh are diſpoſed to make bulls.

We proceed to eſtabliſh the truth of our minor, and the firſt evidence we ſhall call is a Dublin ſhoeblack. He is not in circumſtances peculiarly favourable for the diſplay of figurative language; he is in a court of juſtice, upon his trial for life and death. A quarrel happened between two ſhoeblacks, who were playing at what in England is called pitch farthing, or heads and tails, and in Ireland head and harp. One of the combatants threw a ſmall paving ſtone at his opponent, who drew out the knife with which he uſed to ſcrape ſhoes, and plunged it up to the hilt in his companion's breaſt. It is neceſſary for our ſtory to ſay, that near the hilt of this knife was ſtamped the name of Lamprey, an eminent cutler in Dublin. The ſhoeblack

was brought to trial. With a number of ſignificant geſtures, which on his audience had all the powers that Demoſthenes aſcribes to action, he, in a language not purely attic, gave the following account of the affair to his judge.

" Why, my lord, as I was going paſt the Royal Exchange I meets Billy—' Billy,' ſays I, ' will you ſky a copper?'—' Done,' ſays he—' Done,' ſays I—and done and done's enough between two jantiemen.—With that I ranged them fair and even with my hook-em-ſnivey—up they go.—' Muſic!' ſays he—' Skull!' ſays I—and down they come three brown mazzards.—' By the holy you fleſhed 'em,' ſays he—' You lie,' ſays I.—With that he ups with a lump of a two year old and let's drive at me—I out's with my bread earner, and gives it him up to Lamprey in the bread baſket."

To make this intelligible to the Engliſh ſome comments are neceſſary. Let us follow the text, ſtep by ſtep, and it will afford our readers, as lord Kames ſays of Blair's Diſſertation on Oſſian, a delicious morſel of criticiſm.

As I was going past the Royal Exchange I meets Billy.

In this apparently ſimple exordium, the ſcene and the meeting with Billy are brought before the eye, by the judicious uſe of the preſent tenſe.

Billy, says I, will you ſky a copper?

A copper! genus pro ſpecie! the generic name of copper for the baſe individual halfpenny.

Sky a copper.

To ſky is a new verb, which none but a maſter hand could have coined; a more ſplendid metonymy could not be applied upon a more trivial occaſion; the loſty idea of raiſing a metal to the ſkies, is ſubſtituted for the mean thought of toſſing up a halfpenny. Our orator compreſſes his hyperbole into a ſingle word. Thus the mind is prevented from dwelling long enough upon the figure to perceive it's enormity. This is the perfection of the art. Let the genius of french exaggeration and of eaſtern hyperbole hide their diminiſhed heads—Virgil is ſcarcely more ſublime.

'Ingrediturque ſolo et caput inter nubila condit.'
'Her feet on earth, her head amidſt the clouds.'

Up they go, continues our orator.

Music! says he—Skull! says I.

Metaphor continually; on one ſide of an iriſh halfpenny there is a harp; this is expreſſed by the general term muſic, which is finally contraſted with the word ſkull.

Down they come three brown mazards!

Mazards! how the diction of our orator is enriched from the vocabulary of Shakſpeare! the word head, inſtead of being changed from a more general term, is here brought diſtinctly to the eye by the term mazard, or face, which is more appropriate to his majeſty's profile than the words ſkull or head.

By tha holy! you fleshed 'em, says he.

By the holy! is an oath in which more is meant than meets the ear; it is an ellipſis—an abridgement of an oath. The full formulo runs thus—By the holy poker of Hell!—This inſtrument is of iriſh invention or imagination. It ſeems a uſeful piece of furniture in the place for which it is intended, to ſtir the devouring flames, and thus to increaſe the torments of the damned. Great judgement is neceſſary to direct an orator how to ſuit his terms to his auditors, ſo as not to ſhock their feelings either by

what is too much above, or too much below common life. In the uſe of oaths, where the paſſions are warm, this muſt be particularly attended to, elſe they loſe their effect, and ſeem more the reſult of the head than the heart. But to proceed—

By the holy! you fleshed 'em

To flesh is another verb of Iriſh coinage; it means, in ſhoeblack dialect, to touch a halfpenny, as it goes up into the air, with the fleſhy part of the thumb, ſo as to turn it which way you pleaſe, and thus to cheat your opponent.—What an intricate explination ſaved by one word?

You lie, says I,

Here no periphraſis would do the buſineſs.

With that he ups with a lump of a two year old, and lets drive at me.

With that.—Theſe are not unmeaning words, uſed like expletives by ſome orators, merely to gain time, for though the phraſe, *with that*, varies in ſignification according to circumſtances, either it denotes, that one action immediately follows another as it's conſequence, or elſe it implies, that two actions happened, or two ideas occur, actually at the ſame time.

I ups with.—A verb is here formed of two prepoſitions—a novelty in grammar. Conjunctions, we all know, are corrupted anglo-ſaxon verbs; but prepoſitions, according to Horne Tooke, derive only from anglo-ſaxon nouns.

All this time it is poſſible, that the mere engliſh reader would not be able to gueſs what it is, that our orator ups with or takes up. He ſhould be appriſed, that a lump of a two year old is a middle ſized ſtone. This is a metaphor, borrowed partly from the grazier's vocabulary, and partly from the arithmetician's vade-mecum. A ſtone, to come under the denomination of a lump of a two year old, muſt be to a leſs ſtone as a two year old calf is to a yearling; or it muſt be to a larger ſtone than itſelf, as a two year old calf is to an ox. Here the ſcholar ſees, that there muſt be two ſtatements, one in the rule of three direct, and one in the rule of three inverſe, to obtain preciſely the thing required; yet the untutored iriſhman, without ſuſpecting the neceſſity of this operoſe proceſs, arrives at the ſolution of the problem by ſome ſhort cut of his own, as he clearly evinces by the propriety of his metaphor. To be ſure there ſeems ſome incongruity in his throwing this lump of a two

year old calf at his adverſary. No arm but that of Milo could be ſtrong enough for ſuch a feat. Upon recollection, however, bold this figure may ſeem, there are precedents for it's uſe.

'We read in a certain author,' ſays Beattie, 'of a giant, who, in his wrath, tore off the top of the promentory and flung it at the enemy; and ſo huge was the maſs, that you might, ſays he, have ſeen goats browſing on it as it flew through the air.' Compared with this, our orator's figure is cold and tame.

'*I outs with my bread-earner*,' continues he We forbear to comment on *outs with*, becauſe the intelligent critic immediately perceives, that it has the ſame ſort of merit aſcribed to *ups with*. What our hero dignifies with the name of his bread-earner, is the knife with which, he earned his bread.—Pope's ingenious critic, Mr. Warton, beſtows judicious praiſe upon the art with which this poet, in the Rape of the Lock, has uſed many 'periphraſes and uncommon expreſſions,' to avoid mentioning the name of *ſcissars*, which would ſound too vulgar for epick dignity;—fatal engine, forfex, meeting points, &c. Though the metonymy of *bread-earner* for

ſhoeblack's knife may not equal theſe in elegance, it perhaps ſurpaſſes them in ingenuity.

*I gives it him up to Lamprey in the bread-basket**.

Homer is happy in his deſcription of wounds, but this ſurpaſſes him in the characteriſtic choice of circumſtance.—*Up to Lumprey*, gives us at once a complete idea of the length, breath, and thickneſs of the wound, without the aſſiſtance of the coroner. It reminds us of a paſſage in Virgil—

'Cervice orantis *capulo tenus* abdidit enſem.'
'Up to the hilt his ſhining faushion ſheathed.'

Let us now compare the iriſh ſhoeblack's metaphorical language with the ſober *slang* of an engliſh blackguard, who, fortunately for the fairneſs of the compariſon, was placed ſomewhat in ſimilar circumſtances.

Lord Mansfield, examining a man who was a witneſs in the court of King's Bench, aſked him, what he knew of the defendant.

'O, my lord, I knew him. *I was up to him.*'

* The ſtomach.

'Up to him!' ſays his lordſhip, 'what do you mean by being up to him?'

'Mean, my lord! why, *I was down upon him.*'

'Up to him and down upon him?' ſays his lordſhip, turning to counſellor Dunning, 'what does the fellow mean?'

'Why, I mean, my lord, as deep as he thought himſelf, *I ſtagged him.*'

'I cannot conceive, my friend,' ſays his lordſhip, 'what you mean by this ſort of language, I do not underſtand it.'

'Not underſtand it!' rejoined the fellow, with ſurpriſe, "*Lord, what a flat you muſt be!*"

Though he undervalued Lord Mansfield, this man does not ſeem to be a very bright genius. In his cant words '*up to him—down upon him ſtagged him*,' there are no metaphors; and we confeſs ourſelves to be as great *flats* as his lordſhip, for we do not underſtand this ſort of language.

'True no meaning puzzles more than wit,'

As we may ſee in another engliſh example. Proverbs have been called the wiſdom of nations,

therefore it is fair to have recourſe to them in eſtimating national abilities. Now there is an old engliſh proverb, 'Tenterten ſteeple is the cauſe of Goodwin ſands.'

'This proverb,' ſays Mr. Ray, 'is uſed, when an abſurd and ridiculous reaſon is given of any thing in queſtion; an account of the original whereof I find in one of biſhop Latimer's ſermons in theſe words—'Mr. Moore was once ſent with commiſſion into Kent, to try out, if it might be, what was the cauſe of Goodwin's-ſands, and the ſhelf which ſtopped up Sandwich haven. Thither cometh Mr. Moore, and calleth all the country before him, ſuch as were thought to be men of experience, and men that could, of all likelihood, beſt ſatisfy him of the matter, concerning the ſtoppage of Sandwich haven. Among the reſt came in before him an old man with a white head, and one that was thought to be little leſs than an hundred years old. When Mr. Moore ſaw this aged man, he thought it expedient to hear him ſay his mind in this matter, (for being ſo old a man, it was likely that he knew the moſt in that preſence or company,) ſo Mr. Moore called this aged man unto him and ſaid, 'father, (ſaid he) tell me,

if you can, what is the cauſe of the great ariſing of the ſands and ſhelves hereabout this haven, which ſtops it up, ſo that no ſhips can arrive here. You are the oldeſt man I can eſpy in all the company, ſo that if any man can tell any cauſe of it, you, of all likelihood, can ſay moſt to it, or, at leaſtwiſe, more than any man here aſſembled.'

'Yea, forſooth, good Mr. Moore,' quoth this old man, 'for I am well nigh a hundred years old, and no man here in this company any thing near my age.'

'Well, then,' quoth Mr. Moore, 'how ſay you to this matter? What think you to be the cauſe of the ſhelves and ſands, which ſtop the Sandwich haven?'

'Forſooth, ſir,' quoth he, 'I am an old man, I think that Tenterten ſteeple is the cauſe of Goodwin's ſands. For I am an old man, ſir,' quoth he, 'I may remember the building of Tenterten ſteeple, and I may remember when there was no ſteeple at all there; and before that Tenterten *or Totterden* ſteeple was building, there was no manner of talking of any flats or ſands that ſtopped up the haven; and therefore

I think, that Tenterten ſteeple is the cauſe of the decay and deſtroying of Sandwich haven*.' Thus far the biſhop.

The prolix pertinacity, with which this *old aged* man adheres to the opinion that he had formed without any intelligible reaſon, is characteriſtic of an engliſh peaſant; but however abſurd his mode of judging may be, and however confuſed and incongruous his ideas, his ſpecies of abſurdity ſurely bears no reſemblance to an hibernian blunder. We cannot even ſuſpect it to be poſſible, that a man of this ſlow circumſpect character could be in any danger of making and iriſh bull; and we congratulate the engliſh peaſantry and populace as a body, upon their poſſeſſing that temper which

'Wiſely reſts content with ſober ſenſe,
'Nor makes to dangerous wit a vain pretence.'

* This ancient old man, we fear, was more knave than fool. Hiſtory informs us, that the biſhop of Rocheſter had directed the revenue, appropriated for keeping Goodwin-harbour in repair, to the purpoſe of building a ſteeple.—Vide Fuller's Worthies of England, page 65.

Even the *slang* of engliſh pickpockets and coiners is, as we may ſee in Colquhoun's View of the Metropolis, free from all ſeducing mixture of wit and humour. If there be, nevertheleſs, frequent executions for capital crimes in England, we muſt account for this in the words of the old chief juſtice Forteſcue—'More men,' ſays his lordſhip, 'are hanged in *Englonde* in one year than in *Fraunce* in ſeven, *becauſe the Engliſh have better hearts*; the *Scotchmenne* likewiſe never *dare rob*, but only commit larcenaries.' At all events the phlegmatic temper of *Englonde* ſecures her from making bulls. The propenſity of this ſpecies of blunder exiſts in minds of a totally different caſt; in thoſe who are quick and enthuſiaſtic, who are confounded by the rapidity and force with which undiſciplined multitudes of ideas crowd for utterance. Perſons of ſuch intellectual characters are apt to make elliſions in ſpeaking, which they truſt the capacities of their audience will ſupply: paſſing rapidly over a long chain of thought, they ſometimes forget the intermediate links, and no one but thoſe of equally rapid habits can follow them ſucceſsfully.

We hope that the evidence of the Dublin ſhoeblack has, in ſome degree, tended to prove our *minor*, that the iriſh are diſpoſed to uſe figurative language; we ſhall not however reſt our cauſe upon a ſingle evidence, however reſpectable; but before we ſummon our other witneſſes, we beg to relieve the reader's attention, which muſt have been fatigued by ſuch a chapter of criticiſm.—They ſhall now have the plain 'unvarniſhed tale' of a mendicant. A ſpecimen of city rhetorick is given in the ſhoeblack; the country mendicant's eloquence is of a totally different ſpecies.

CHAPTER XI.

THE HIBERNIAN MENDICANT.

PERHAPS the reader may wiſh to ſee as well as hear the petitioner. At firſt view you might have taken him for a Spaniard: he was tall; and if he had been a gentleman, you would have ſaid that there was an air of dignity in his figure. He ſeemed very old, yet he appeared more worn by ſorrow than by time. Leaning upon a thick

oak ſtick as he took off his hat to aſk for alms, his white hair ſtreamed in the wind.

'Health and long life to you!' ſaid he. 'Give an old man ſomething to help to bury him.—He is paſt his labour, and cannot trouble this world long any way.'

He held his hat towards us, with nothing importunate in his manner, but rather with a look of confidence in us, mixed with habitual reſignation. His thanks were,—'Heaven bleſs you! Long life and ſucceſs to you! to you and yours! and may you never want a friend as I do.'

The laſt words were ſpoken low. He laid his hand upon his heart as he bowed to us, and walked ſlowly away. We called him back; and upon our queſtioning him farther, he gave the following account of himſelf.

'I was bred and born—but no matter where ſuch a one as I was bred and born, no more than where I may die, and be buried. *I*, that have neither [redacted] nor daughter, nor kin, nor friend on the wide earth to mourn over my grave when I am laid in it, as I ſoon muſt—Well! when it pleaſes God to take me I ſhall

never be miſſed out of this world, ſo much as by a dog—and why ſhould I? Having never in my time done good to any—but evil—which I have lived to repent me of many's the long day and night, and ever ſhall while I have ſenſe and reaſon left. In my youthful days, God was too good to me: I had friends, and a little home of my own to go to—a pretty ſpot of land for a farm as you could ſee, with a ſnug cabin, and every thing complete, and all to be mine; for I was the only one my father and mother had, and accordingly was made much of, too much; for I grew headſtrong upon it, and high, and thought nothing of any man, and little of any woman—but one. That one I ſurely did think of; and well worth thinking of ſhe was. Beauty, they ſay, is all fancy; but ſhe was a girl every man might fancy. Never was one more ſought after. She was then juſt in her prime, and full of life and ſpirits; but nothing light in her behaviour—quite modeſt—yet obliging. She was too good for me to be thinking of, no doubt; but 'faint heart never won fair lady,' as I made bold to ſpeak to Roſe, for that was her name, and after a world of pains, I began to gain upon her good liking, but couldn't get her to ſay more

than that ſhe never *seen* the man ſhe could fancy ſo well.—This was a great deal from her, for ſhe was coy, and proud like, as ſhe had a good right to be; and, beſides being young, loved her little innocent pleaſure, and could not *easy* be brought to give up her ſway.—No fault of hers; but all very natural.—Well! I always conſidered ſhe never would have held out ſo long, nor have been ſo ſtiff with me, had not it been for an old aunt Honour of hers—God reſt her ſoul! One ſhould not be talking ill of the dead—but ſhe was more out of my way than enough: yet the cratur had no malice in her againſt me, only meaning her child's good, as ſhe called it, but miſtook it, and thought to make Roſe happy by ſome greater match than me, counting her fondneſs for me, which ſhe could not but ſee ſomething of, childiſhneſs, that ſhe would ſoon be broke of. Now there was a party of engliſh ſoldiers quartered in our town, and there was a ſerjeant amongſt them that had money, and a pretty place, as they ſaid, in his own country. He courted Roſe, and the aunt favoured him. He and I could never reliſh one another at all. He was a handſome portly man, but very proud, and looked upon me as dirt un-

der his feet, becauſe I was an Iriſhman; and at every word would ſay, '*That's an iriſh bull!*' or '*Do you hear Paddy's brogue?*'—at which his fellow ſoldiers, being all Engliſh, would look greatly delighted. Now all this I could have taken in good part from any but him, for I was not an ill humoured fellow; but there was a ſpite in him I plainly ſaw againſt me, and I could not nor would not take a word from him againſt me or my country, eſpecially while Roſe was by, who did not like me the worſe for having a proper ſpirit. She little thought what would come of it.—Whilſt all this was going on, her aunt Honour found to object againſt me, that I was wild and given to drink, both which charges were falſe and malicious, and I knew could come from none other than the ſergeant, which enraged me the more againſt him for ſpeaking *ſo mean* behind my back—Now I knew, that though the ſergeant did not drink ſpirits, he drank plenty of beer. Roſe took it however to heart, and talked very ſerious upon it, obſerving, ſhe could never think to marry a man given to drink, and that the ſergeant was remarkable ſober and ſtaid, therefore moſt like, as her aunt Honour ſaid, to make a good huſ-

band. The words went ſtraight to my heart, along with Roſe's look.—I ſaid not a word, but went [illegible]olving before I ſlept to take an oath againſt [illegible] of all ſorts for Roſe's ſweet ſake. That evening I fell in with ſome boys of the neighbours, who would have had me along with them, but I *denied myself* and them; and all I would take was one parting glaſs, and then made my vow in the preſence of the prieſt forſwearing ſpirits for two years. Then I went ſtraight to her houſe to tell her what I had done, not being ſenſible that I was then a little elevated with the parting glaſs I had taken. The firſt thing I noticed on going into the room was the man I leaſt wiſhed to ſee there, and leaſt looked for at this minute; he was in high talk with the aunt, and Roſe ſitting on the other ſide of him no way ſtrange towards him as I fancied; but that was only fancy, and effect of the liquor I had drunk, which made me ſee things wrong. I went up and put my head between them, aſking Roſe, did ſhe know what I had been about?

'Yes—too well!' and ſhe, drawing back from my breath.—And the aunt looked at her and ſhe at the aunt, and the ſergeant ſtopped his noſe, ſaying he had not been long enough in

Ireland to love the ſmell of whiſkey.—I obſerved, that was an uncivil remark in the preſent company, and added, that I had not taken a drop that night, but one glaſs. At which he ſneered and ſaid, that was a bull and a blunder, but no wonder as I was an Iriſhman. I replied in defence of myſelf and country.—We went on from one ſmart word to another; and ſome of his ſoldiermen being of the company, he had the laugh againſt me ſtill. I was vexed to ſee Roſe bear ſo well what I could not bear myſelf. And the talk grew higher and higher; and from talking of blunders and ſuch trifles, we got, I cannot myſelf tell you how, on to party matters, and politics, and religion. And I was a catholic, and he a proteſtant; and there he had the thing ſtill againſt me. The company ſeeing matters not agreeable, dropped off till none were left but the ſergeant, and the aunt, and Roſe and myſelf. The aunt gave me a hint to part, but I would not take it; for I could not bear to go away worſted, and born down as it were by the engliſh faction, and Roſe by to judge. The aunt was called out by one, who wanted her to go to a funeral the next day: the Engliſhman then let fall ſomething about our iriſh howl, and ſavages,

which Roſe herſelf ſaid was uncivil, ſhe being an iriſh woman, which he, thinking only of making game on me, forgot.—I knocked him down, telling him it was he that was the ſavage to affront a lady. As he got up he ſaid, that he'd have the law of me if any law was to be had in Ireland.

'The law!' ſaid I, 'and you a ſoldier!'

'Do you mean to call me coward?' ſaid he. 'This is what an engliſh ſoldier muſt not bear.' With that he ſnatches at his arms that were beſide him, aſking me again, did I mean to call an Engliſhman coward?

'Tell me firſt,' ſaid I; 'Did you mean to call us iriſh ſavages?'

'That's no anſwer to *my* queſtion,' ſays he, 'or only an iriſh anſwer.'

'It is not the worſe for that, may be,' ſays I, very coolly, deſpiſing the man now, and juſt took up a knife, that was on the table, to cut off a button that was hanging at my knee. As I was opening the knife he aſked me, was I going to ſtab at him with my iriſh knife, and directly draws his ſword upon me; on which I ſeizes a muſket and bayonet one of his men had left, telling him I knew the uſe of it as well as he

or any Engliſhman, and better, for that I ſhould never have gone, as he did, to charge it againſt an unarmed man.

'You had your knife,' ſaid he, drawing back.

'If I had it was not thinking of you,' ſaid I, throwing the knife away. 'See! I'm armed like yourſelf now; fight me like a man and a ſoldier, if you dare,' ſays I.

'Fight me, if you dare,' ſays he.

Roſe calls to me to ſtop; but we were both out of ourſelves at the minute—we thruſt at each other—he miſſed me—I hit him. Roſe ran in between us to get the muſket from my hand: it was loaded, and went off in the ſtruggle, and the ball lodged in her body—ſhe fell! and what happened next I cannot tell, for the fight left my eyes, and all ſenſe forſook me. When I came to myſelf the houſe was full of people, going to and fro, ſome whiſpering, ſome crying, and till the words reached my ears—'Is ſhe quite dead?'—I could not underſtand where I was, or what had happened.—I wiſhed to forget again but could not. The whole truth came upon me, and yet I could not ſhed a tear! but juſt puſhed my way through the crowd into the inner room, and up to the ſide of the bed. There

ſhe lay ſtretched, almoſt a corpſe—quite ſtill! —her ſweet eyes cloſed, and no colour in her cheeks, that had the night before been ſo roſy! —I took hold of one of her hands, that hung down, and ſhe then opens her eyes, and knew me directly, and ſmiles upon me, and ſays—"It was no fault of yours: take notice all of you, it was no fault of his if I die; but *that* I won't do for his ſake, if I can help it!"—that was the word ſhe ſpoke. I thinking, from her ſpeaking ſo ſtrong, that ſhe was not badly hurt, knelt down to whiſper her, that if my breath did ſmell of ſpirits the laſt night, it was the parting glaſs I had taſted before making the vow I done againſt drink for her ſake; and that there was nothing I would not do for her, if it would pleaſe God to ſpare her to me. She juſt preſſed my hand, to ſhow me ſhe was ſenſible. The prieſt came in, and they forced our hands aſunder, and carried me away out of the room.—Preſently there was a great cry, and I knew all was over.'

Here the old man's voice failed, and he turned his face from us. When he had ſomewhat recovered himſelf, to change the courſe of his

thoughts, we aſked, whether he were proſecuted for his aſſault on the engliſh ſergeant, and what became of him?

'Oh! to do him juſtice, as one ſhould do to every one,' ſaid the old man, 'he behaved very handſome to me when I was brought to trial; and told the whole truth, only blamed himſelf more than I would have done, and ſaid it was all his fault for laughing at me and my nation more than a man could bear, ſituated as I was. They acquitted me through his means. We ſhook hands, and he hoped all would be right with me, he ſaid; but nothing ever went right with me after. I took little note ever after of worldly matters: all belonging to me went to rack and ruin. The hand of God was upon me—I could not help myſelf, nor ſettle mind or body to any thing. I heard them ſay ſometimes I was a little touched in my head: however that might be I cannot ſay. But at laſt I found it was as good for me to give all that was left to my friends, who were better able to manage, and more eager for it than I; and fancying a roving life would agree with me beſt, I quit the place, taking nothing with me, but reſolved to walk the world, and juſt truſt to the charity of

good chriſtians, or die, as it ſhould pleaſe God. How I have lived ſo long, he only knows, and his will be done: but I ſhould not be ſorry to be releaſed, if that might be ——————'

CHAPTER XII.

IRISH WIT AND ELOQUENCE.

LET us now proceed with our buſineſs. The iriſh nation, from the higheſt to the loweſt, in daily converſation about the ordinary affairs of life, employ a ſuperfluity of wit, metaphor, and ingenuity, which would be aſtoniſhing and unintelligible to a majority of the reſpectable body of engliſh yeomen. Even the cutters of turf and drawers of whiſkey are orators; even the *cottiers** and *gossoons*† ſpeak in trope and figure. Aſk an iriſh gaſſoon to go *early* in the morning on an errand, and to expreſs his intention of complying with your wiſhes; inſtead of ſaying as an Engliſhman in his civil

* Cottagers. † Garçoons, boys.

humour might—'Yes, maſter, I'll be up by times,' he anſwers poetically,

"I'll be off at the flight of night."

If an iriſh cottager would expreſs to you, that he has, or what is much more probable, that he wiſhes to have a long leaſe of his land, he would ſay—'I ſhould be proud to live upon your honour's land, as long as graſs grows or water runs.'

An engliſh poet has nearly the ſame idea,

"As long as ſtreams in ſilver mazes run,
"Or ſpring with annual green renews the grove.'

It is ſurpriſing, that without the advantages of a claſſical education, the lower Iriſh ſhould ſometimes make ſimilies which bear a near reſemblance to thoſe of the admired poets of antiquity. A loyaliſt, during the late rebellion, in deſcribing to us the numbers of the rebels, which had gathered on one ſpot and were diſperſed by the king's army, again rallied, and were again diſperſed, ſaid——'Ay, they were like ſwarms of flies on a ſummer's day, which you bruſh

away with your hand, and ſtill they will be returning.'

This is not unlike the manner of Oſſian; but as the pretenſions of his poems to antiquity are diſputable, let us compare the ſimilie with one of Homer's; if it bear this compariſon, it's excellence cannot be doubted. The ſimilie tranſlated literary by Pope from Homer runs thus:—

"As the numerous troops of flies about
"A ſhepherd's cottage in the ſpring,
"When the milk moiſtens the pails,
"Such numbers of Greeks ſtood in
"The fields againſt the Trojans."

As lord Kames obſerves, it is certainly falſe taſte to condemn ſuch compariſons, for the lowneſs of the images introduced. In fact, great objects cannot be degraded by compariſon with ſmall ones in theſe ſimilies, becauſe the only point of reſemblance is number; the mind inſtantly perceives this, and therefore requires no other ſpecies of ſimilitude. Heroes and armies are like the inſects of a ſummer's evening only as to their numbers: ſatisfied with the per-

ception of this reſemblance, the imagination paſſes over the diſſimilarity in all other reſpects. Some faſtidious critic might object to the mode of expreſſion in this ſentence—'Bruſh them away with your hand, and ſtill they *will be returning*.' But this phraſeology is pure and grammatical engliſh, though now obſolete: will *be returning* is accurately the tenſe that ſhould be employed, and the expreſſion is poetical, as it brings the action to our view.

When we attempt to judge of the genius of the lower claſſes of the people, whether in Ireland or England, we muſt take care, that we are not under the influence of any prejudice of an ariſtocratic or literary nature. But this is no eaſy effort of liberality.

'Agh! Dublin, ſweet Jaſus be wid you!' exclaimed a poor Iriſhman, as he ſtood on the deck of a veſſel, which was carrying him out of the bay of Dublin. The pathos of this poor fellow, will not probably affect delicate ſenſibility, becauſe he ſays *wid* inſtead of *with*, and Jaſus inſtead of Jeſus.—Adam Smith is certainly right in his theory, that the ſufferings of thoſe in exalted ſtations have generally moſt power to command our ſympathy. The very ſame ſen-

timent, expreſſed ſo awkwardly by the poor Iriſhman, appears, to every reader of taſte, exquiſitely pathetic from the lips of Mary queen of Scots.

'After bidding adieu to her mourning attendants, with a ſad heart and eyes bathed in tears, Mary left that kingdom, the ſhort but only ſcene of her life in which fortune ſmiled upon her. While the french coaſt appeared in ſight ſhe intently gazed upon it, and muſing, in a thoughtful poſture, on that height of fortune whence ſhe had fallen, and preſaging, perhaps, the diſaſters and calamities which embittered the remainder of her days, ſhe ſighed often and cried out—'Farewell France! farewell beloved country, which I ſhall never more behold*!'

We feel how much elegance may increaſe the force of the pathetic upon cultivated minds; and it is obvious, that this ſpecies of merit cannot be aſcribed to our illiterate hibernian orators: but the following remark of Longinus ſeems to militate againſt the notion, that elegance is not eſſential to the effect of eloquence.

'Vulgar terms,' ſays Longinus, 'are ſome-

* Robertſon's Hiſtory of Scotland.

times much more ſignificant than the moſt ornamental could poſſibly be. They are eaſily underſtood, becauſe borrowed from common life; and what is moſt familiar to us ſooneſt engages our belief.'

Shakſpeare, though he might not have learned it from Longinus, ſeems to be perfectly of this opinion. When doubtleſs he had choice of fine ſounding language, he makes Hamlet, in the height of indignation againſt his mother for her marriage, uſe an expreſſion, which would certainly have offended Voltaire by it's vulgarity.

'A little month, or *ere thoſe ſhoes were old*,
'With which ſhe followed my poor father's
body.'

The Iriſh expreſs indignation againſt a widow, who marries again before 'wretched widows' ought, by a ſaying which ſurpaſs even Shakſpeare's in vulgarity and ſtrength of idea —but how to bring it before the reader with due decorum is the queſtion. The delicacy of circumlocution would not only weaken, but utterly annihilate it's force; and yet it is too vul-

gar to be ſpoken in unqualified terms to 'ears polite.' Perhaps we can ſuggeſt the idea, and obtain truth by means of the rule of falſe. Let us ſuppoſe that we were ſpeaking of one of thoſe Indians called Yogi, of whom the ſanſcrit writer draws his picture.

'A little beyond that grove, where you ſee a pious Yogi, motionleſs as a pollard, holding his thick buſhy hair and fixing his eyes on the ſolar orb—mark, his body is half covered with a white ant's edifice made of raiſed clay, and ſurrounding birds neſts almoſt conceal his ſhoulders.'

Now ſuppoſe this Yogi had, amongſt his other torments, a wife—a Yogi may have a wife by ſuppoſition—ſuppoſe that this Yogi dies, and that this indian widow does not burn herſelf according to the faſhion of her country, but according to the faſhion of ours marries forthwith; now an Iriſhman, in the ſpirit of the proverb which we cannot utter, would expreſs the promptneſs with which the widow's marriage followed the Yogi's death, by ſays—'Ay, ſhe was married again before the birds eggs in her firſt huſband's hair were cold.'

Thoſe who are ſkilled in the art of objurgation, will comprehend the full force of this ſarcaſtic apophthegm, and will be ready to acknowledge, that it could have been invented by none but an adept in the ſcience. When a ſober Engliſhman is worked up to anger, he never ſuffers it to evaporate in idle figures of ſpeech; it is always concentrated in a few words, which he repeats with obſtinate firmneſs, in reply to every argument, perſuaſive or invective, that can be employed to irritate or aſſuage his wrath.

We recollect having once been preſent at a ſcene between an engliſh gentleman and a churchwarden, whoſe feelings, both as a churchwarden and a man, were grievouſly hurt, by the diſturbance that had been given to certain bones in levelling a wall, which ſeparated the churchyard from the pleaſure ground of the lord of the manor. The bones belonged, as the churchwarden believed or averred, to his great great grandmother, though how they were identified it might be difficult to explain to an indifferent judge; yet we are to ſuppoſe, that the confirmation of the ſuſpicion was ſtrong and ſatisfactory to the party concerned. The pious great great grandſon's feelings were all in arms

upon this occaſion, but *indignation* did not inſpire him with a ſingle poetic idea or expreſſion. In his eloquence, indeed, there was the principal requiſite action: in reply to all that could be ſaid, he repeatedly ſtruck his long oak ſtick perpendicularly upon the floor, and reiterated theſe words—

'It's death, ſir! death by the law!—It's ſacrilege, ſir! ſacrilege by act of parliament!—It's death ſir! death by the law! and the law I'll have of him, for it's lawful to have the law.'

This was the whole range of his ideas, even when the paſſions had tumbled them all out of their dormitories*. With half this provocation, an Iriſhman would have been roufed to ten times the eloquence of wrath.

A gentleman who lately canvaſſed a county in Ireland, relates the following anecdote—

'As I was riding through the county to canvaſs it, I heard a voice calling after me—'Stop! ſtop! ſir! you have juſt paſſed one, ſir!'

'*One*, what?'

'One who has a vote, a freeholder, ſure! you muſt turn back a bit and I'll ſhow him you—his name's O'Neill.'

* Vide Helvetius.

'My conductor pointed to the man who had a vote; I rode towards him, he was planting willows in a little garden by the road ſide; his back was towards me, and he did not turn his head, but went on with his work till I called upon him by his name, which I had juſt learned.

'Mr. O'Neill!'

'He turned, and I ſaw the pale countenance of a middle aged upright figure dreſſed in black. He ſtuck the willow, which he had in his hand, into the ground, and came towards me with a deliberate pace. Upon a nearer view I ſaw, that his clothes were old and ſhabby.

'You have a vote, I am told, Mr. O'Neill?'

'Sir,' ſaid he, gravely, 'I have a vote, and I have not a vote.'

'How can that be?'

'I will tell you, ſir,' ſaid he, leaning, or rather lying down ſlowly upon the back of the ditch facing me, ſo that I could only ſee his head and arms.

'Sir,' ſaid he, 'out of this little garden, with my five acres of land and my own labour, I once had a freehold—but I have been robbed of my freehold, and who do you think has robbed me?

why, that man!' pointing to his landlord's ſteward, who ſtood beſide me.—'With my own hands I ſowed my own ground with oats, and a fine crop I expected——but I never reaped that crop;—not a buſhel, no, nor half a buſhel did I ever ſee; for into my little place comes this man, with I don't know how many more, their horſes and their cars, and to work they fell, and they ran a road ſtraight through the beſt part of my land, turning all to heaps of rubbiſh, and a bad road it was, and a bad time of year to make it!—But where was *I* when he did this? not where I am now,' ſaid the orator, raiſing himſelf up and ſtanding firm, 'not as you ſee me now, but lying on my back in my bed in a fever. When I got up, I was not able to make my rent out of my land. Beſides myſelf I had my five children to ſupport. I ſold my clothes, and have never been able to buy any ſince, but ſuch as a recruit could ſell who was in haſte to get into regimentals—ſuch clothes as theſe,' ſaid he, looking down at his black rags. 'Soon I had nothing to eat—but that's not all.—I am a weaver, ſir; for my rent they ſeized my two looms; then I had nothing

to do. But all this I do not complain.—There was an election ſome time ago in this county, and a man rode up to me in this garden as you do now, and aſked me for my vote, but I refuſed him, for I was ſteady to my landlord. The gentleman obſerved I was a poor man, and aſked if I wanted for nothing? but all did not ſignify, ſo he rode on gently, and at the corner of the road, within view of my garden, I ſaw him drop a purſe, and I knew by his looking at me, it was on purpoſe for me to pick it up. After a while he came back, thinking, to be ſure, I had taken up the purſe and had changed my mind, but he found his purſe where he left it. My landlord knew all this, and he promiſed to ſee juſtice done me, but he forgot. Then, as for the candidate's lady, before the election nothing was too fair-ſpeaking for me, but afterward, in my diſtreſs, when I applied to her to get me a loom, which ſhe could have had from *the Linen Board* by only aſking for it, her anſwer to me was—'I don't know that I ſhall ever want a vote again in the county.'

'Now, ſir,' continued he, 'when juſtice is done to me (and no ſooner) I ſhall be glad to aſſiſt my landlord or his friend.—I know who

you are, ſir, very well—you bear a good character—ſucceſs to you! but I have no vote to give to you or any man.'

'As he ſpoke, Mr. O'Neill had, by degrees, became more animated, till his indignation inſpiring him with new life, his action was ſuited to his words.'

'Mr. O'Neill,' ſaid I, 'if I were to attempt to make you any amends for what you have ſuffered, I ſhould do you an injury; it would be ſaid that I bribed you; but I will repeat your ſtory where it will meet with attention.' I at the ſame time added, that I could not tell it ſo well as he had done.

'No, ſir,' was his anſwer, 'for you cannot feel it as I do.'

This is almoſt, in terms, the concluſion of Pope's epiſtle from Eloiſa to Abelard.

"He beſt can paint them who ſhall feel them moſt."

Our next orator is in a different ſtyle. A thin tall woman, wrapped in a long cloak, the hood of which was drawn over her head and

ſhaded her pale face, came to a gentleman to complain of the cruelty of her landlord.

'He is the moſt hard hearted man alive, ſo he is, ſir,' ſaid ſhe, 'he has juſt ſeized all I have, which, God knows, is little enough! and has driven my cow to pound, the only cow I have, and only dependance I have for a drop of milk to drink; and the cow itſelf too ſtanding there ſtarving in the pound, for not a wiſp of hay would he give to cow or chriſtian to ſave their lives, if it was ever ſo! And the rent for which he is driving me, pleaſe your honour, has not been due but one week; and it is not for myſelf only I grieve or ſpeak; let alone myſelf, there's five craturs, that he has there in the ſame way, and under the ſame dread and diſtreſs; he is landlord and maſter over ſix of us, and a hard maſter he is: but theſe *middle men* are all ſo, one and all. Oh! if it had but been my lot to be tenant to a *gentleman born*, like your honour, who is the poor man's friend, and the orphan, and the widow's—the friend of them that have none other. Long life to you! and long may you live to reign over us!—Would you but ſpeak three words to my landlord, to let my cow out of pound and give me a fort-

night's time, that I might ſee and fatten her to ſell againſt the fair, I could pay him then all honeſtly, and not be racked entirely, and he would be aſhamed to refuſe your honour, and afraid to diſoblige the like of you, or get your ill will. May the bleſſing of Heaven be upon you, if you'll juſt ſend and ſpeak to him three words for the poor woman and widow, that has none other to ſpeak for her in the wide world.'

Moved by this lamentable ſtory, the effect of which the woman's whole appearance corroborated and heightened, the gentleman ſent immediately for her hard harted landlord. The landlord ſoon appeared; not a gentleman, not a rich man, as the term landlord might denote, he was a ſtout, ſquare, ſtubbed, thick limbed, gray eyed man, who ſeemed to come ſmoaking hot from hard labour. The gentleman repeated the charge made againſt him by the widow, and mildly remonſtrated on his cruelty: the man heard all that was ſaid with a firm but not unmoved countenance.

'And now have you done?' ſaid he, turning to the woman, who had recommenced her lamentations. 'Look at her ſtanding there, ſir.

It's eaſy for her to put on her long cloak, and to tell her long ſtory, and to make her poor mouth to your honour; but if you are willing to hear, I'll tell you what ſhe is, and what I am. She is one that has but herſelf in this world to provide for; ſhe is one that is able to afford herſelf a glaſs of whiſkey when ſhe pleaſes, and ſhe pleaſes it often; ſhe is one that never denies herſelf the bit of *staggering bob** when in ſeaſon; ſhe is one that has a ſnug houſe well thatched to live in all the year round, and nothing to do or nothing that ſhe does, and this is the way of her life, and this is what ſhe is.—And what am I? I am the father of eight children, and I have a wife and myſelf to provide for. I am a man that is at hard labour of one kind or another from ſunriſe to ſunſet. The ſtraw that thatched the houſe ſhe lives in, I brought two miles on my back; the walls of the houſe ſhe lives in I built with my own hands; I did the ſame by five other houſes, and they are all ſound and dry, and good to live in ſummer or winter. I ſet them for rent to put bread into my children's mouth, and after all I cannot get it! And

* Slink calf.

to ſupport my eight childeren, and my wife, and myſelf, what have I in this world,' cried he, ſtriding ſuddenly with coloſſal firmneſs upon his ſturdy legs, and raiſing to Heaven arms which looked like foreſhortenings of the limbs of Hercules—'What have *I* in this wide world but theſe four bones?'

Demoſthenes could not have uſed more ſtriking action. The Iriſh are a nation of orators.

Candour obliges us here to acknowledge a fact, that militates againſt this opinion, the Iriſh are excellent arithmeticians; now arithmetic is not allied to oratory and poetry.

A gentleman who was riding near a village in Ireland overtook a little ragged *gossoon*, who was running with great eagerneſs along the road,—'Where are you going my little fellow?'

'Plaſe your honour, to an uncle of my owns that lives five miles off, for the Scholar's Vade Mecum.'

'What! are you a ſcholar?'

'Yes,' plaſe your honour, 'a piece of a one.'

'What do you know of arithmetic?'

'Plaſe your honour, I'm as far as tare and trett.'

'Can you anſwer this queſtion,' ſaid the gentleman, giving what he thought an eaſy ſum in the double rule of three. In a few minutes the boy, who had kept on running, panting, and calculating in his head, came up cloſe to the gentleman's horſe, and cried—'Here, plaſe your honour, 'I have the anſwer for you.' The anſwer was perfectly right, and he explained the manner in which he had *worked the queſtion;* ſo that this could not have been merely a happy hit. Bacon ſays, that the logical part of ſome men's underſtandings are good, but the mathematical part erroneous; we muſt ſuppoſe the reverſe to be the caſe with the Iriſh. But to return from this candid digreſſion; let us proceed with our proofs, that Hibernians poſſeſs that ſpecies of *quickness* of intellect, which neceſſarily leads to blunder.

An iriſh boy, who perhaps knew nothing of arithmetic, and poſſeſſed only untaught ingenuity, ſaw a train of his companions leading their cars loaded with kiſhes* of turf coming towards his father's cabin; his father had no turf, and the queſtion was how ſome ſhould be obtained.

* Baſkets.

To beg he was aſhamed; to dig he was unwilling—but his head went to work directly: he took up a turf which had fallen from one of the cars the preceding day, and he ſtuck it on the top of a pole near the cabin. When the cars were paſſing, he appeared throwing turf at the mark—'Boys!' cried he, 'which of ye will hit?' Each leader of the car, as he paſſed, could not forbear to fling a turf at the mark; the turf fell at the foot of the pole, and when all the train of cars had paſſed, there was a heap left ſufficient to reward the ingenuity of out little Spartan.

Iriſh acuteneſs is ſometimes ſhown in the arts of deception and chicanery; the lower claſs of people are almoſt all, partly from neceſſity of defence, partly from habitual inclination, fond of the law, and ſkilled in it. Like Lewis the twelfth of France, they can twiſt and bend the laws as eaſily as ſhoemakers can dreſs and hammer leather to fit any purpoſe. This is not peculiar either to the French or Iriſh, as whoever looks into a late engliſh publication, called, 'The Practice and progreſs of a modern Attorney,' will find *abundant* inſtances, divided under the heads of 'keen practice,'—'quirking

practice,' and 'common practice,' of even more than hibernian acuteneſs.

Next to our little boy we have to produce an old woman. When general V—— was quartered in a ſmall town in Ireland, he and his lady was regularly beſieged, whenever they got into their carriage, by an old beggarwoman, who kept her poſt at the door, aſſailing them daily with freſh importunities and freſh tales of diſtreſs. At laſt the lady's charity, and the general's patience, were nearly exhauſted, but their petitioner's wit was ſtill in it's paſſine vigour. One morning, at the accuſtomed hour, when the lady was getting into her carriage, the old woman began—'Agh! my lady; ſucceſs to your ladyſhip, and ſucceſs to your honour's honour, this morning, of all the days in the year; for ſure didn't I dream laſt night, that her ladyſhip gave me a pound of *ta*, and that your honour gave me a pound of tobacco?'

'But, my good woman,' ſaid the general, 'do not you know, that dreams always go by the rule of contrary?'

'Do they ſo, plaſe your honour,' rejoined the old woman. 'Then it muſt be your honour

that will give me the *ta*, and her ladyſhip that will give me the tobacco.'

The general being of Sterne's opinion, that a bon mot is always worth ſomething, even more than a pinch of ſnuff, gave the ingenious dreamer the value of her dream.

Innumerable inſtances might be quoted of the hibernian genius, not merely for repartee, but for what the Italians call paſquinade. We ſhall cite only one, which is already ſo well known in Ireland, that we cannot be found guilty of *publiſhing* a libel. Over the oſtentatious front of a nobleman's houſe in Dublin, the owner had this motto cut in ſtone:—

Otium cum dignitate.—Leiſure and dignity.

In proceſs of time his lordſhip changed his reſidence, or, ſince we muſt deſcend to plebeian language, was committed to Newgate, and immediately there appeared over the front of his apartment his choſen motto, as large as the life, in white chalk.

Otium cum dignitate.

Mixed with keen ſatire, the Iriſh often ſhow a ſort of cool good ſenſe and dry humour, which gives not only effect but value to their impromtus. Of this claſs is the obſervation made by the iriſh hackney coachman, upon ſeeing a man of the ton driving four in hand down Bond-ſtreet.

'That fellow,' ſaid our obſerver, 'looks like a coachman, but drives like a gentleman.'

As an inſtance of humour mixed with ſophiſtry, we beg the reader to recollect the popular ſtory of the Iriſhman, who was run over by a troop of horſe, and miraculouſly eſcaped unhurt.

'Down upon your knees and thank God, you reprobate,' ſaid one of the ſpectators.

'Thank God! for what? Is it for letting a troop of horſe run over me?'

In this ſpeech there is the ſame ſort of humour and ſophiſtry, that appears in the Iriſhman's celebrated queſtion—'What has poſterity done for me, that I ſhould do ſo much for poſterity?'

The iriſh title to humour has indeed been aſſerted by ſuch a competent judge, that to diſpute it would be preſumption. We allude to the late Mr. Foote, who, in a prologue ſpoken

in Dublin, addreſſed theſe lines to his audience:

"Humour, the foremoſt of the feſtive crew,
"Source of the comic muſe ſhe gave to you."

The ſame talent, which gives keenneſs and humour to ſatire, gives force and elegance to panegyric. No one has ever conveyed, by a ſingle line, by a ſingle word, more delicate compliment, than the ſevere author of the Dunciad —'The lower Iriſh often excell as much in compliment as in ſarcaſm.'

We were once preſent when an author gave one of his own books to an old iriſh ſteward, aſking at the ſame time, in what colour he would have the book bound.

He turned to one of the company, and aſked 'What is the colour that never fades?'

The ſame ſteward upon another occaſion, made a yet more ſentimental anſwer. His maſter ſaid to him—'You have lived with me ſo long, and ſerved me ſo faithfully, that now even if you ſhould do any thing to diſpleaſe me, you ſhall not be the worſe of my anger—I have provided for you handſomely in my will.'

Inſtead of replying with a ſervile bow or mercenary thanks, he anſwered with a countenance that ſhowed he ſpoke from his heart—'I hope there's no danger I ſhould do any thing to diſpleaſe your honour.'

Innumerable freſh illuſtrations crowd upon our memory, but we forbear, as we have now ſufficiently eſtabliſhed our *minor*—'That the Iriſh are diſpoſed to uſe figurative language.' *Our conclusion* is, doubtleſs, full in the readers recollection.

CHAPTER XIII.

THE BROGUE.

HAVING proved by a perfect ſyllogiſm, that the Iriſh muſt blunder, we might reſt ſatisfied with our labours, but that there are minds of ſo perverſe a ſort, that they will not yield their underſtandings to the torturing power of ſyllogiſm. There are heretics in logic, who will not ſubſcribe implicitly to it's forms; nay, who go ſo far as to maintain, that there is nothing ſo abſurd, but what may be demonſtrated by the

dexterous uſe of major, minor, and concluſion. There are fooſhardy perſons, who would look with an equal eye upon the inevitable horns of the ancient dilemma, and upon the Garamantuan* horns of the iriſh bull.

It may be waſte of time to addreſs ourſelves to perſons of ſuch a caſt, but we are ambitious to make even the meaneſt intellects do homage to our powers of conviction. We ſhall therefore change our ground, and adapt our arguments to the level of vulgar capacities: we ſhall aſſert only, that the Iriſh, if they be not blunderers, muſt continue to be thought abſurd and ridiculous, from the unchangeable law of the aſſociation of ideas. Much of the comic effect of iriſh

* Vide Herodotus—for the Garamantes.—"That nation, among whom is a ſpecies of oxen which walk backwards whilſt they are feeding; their horns are ſo formed, that they cannot do otherwiſe, they are ſo long, and curved in ſuch a manner, that if they did not recede, they would ſtick in the ground; in other reſpects, they do not differ from other animals of the ſame genus, unleſs we except the thickneſs of their ſkins."

bulls, or of ſuch ſpeeches as are miſtaken for bulls, has depended upon the tone of brogue, as it is called, with which they are uttered. The firſt iriſh blunders that we hear are made or repeated in this peculiar tone, and afterward, whenever we hear the tone, we expect the blunder. This is according to the immutable law of human nature. The concomitant is confounded with the cauſe, and afterward operates as ſuch upon our undiſtinguiſhing minds. Now there is little danger, that the Iriſh ſhould be cured of their brogue; and conſequently there is no great reaſon to apprehend, that we ſhould ceaſe to think or call them blunderers.

Of the powerful effect of any peculiarity of pronunciation to prepoſſeſs the mind againſt the ſpeaker, nay, even to excite diſlike amounting to antipathy, we have an inſtance atteſted by an eye witneſs, or rather an ear witneſs.

'In the year 1755,' ſays James Adams, 'I attended a public diſputation in a foreign univerſity, when at leaſt 400 Frehchmen literally hiſſed a grave and learned *english* doctor, not by way of inſult, but irreſiſtibly provoked by the quaintneſs of the repetition of *sh*. The theſis was the concurrence of God *in actionibus viciosis*:

the whole hall refounded with the hiſſing cry of *ſh*, and it's continual occurrence in *actio*, *actione*, *viciosa*, &c.'

It is curious, that Shiboleth ſhould ſo long continue a criterion amongſt nations!

What muſt have been the degree of irritation, that could ſo far get the better of the politeneſs of 400 Frenchmen, as to make them hiſs in the days of *l'ancien regime!* The dread of being the object of that ſpecies of antipathy or ridicule, which is excited by unfaſhionable peculiarity of accent, has induced many of the *misguided* natives of Ireland to affect, what they imagine to be the engliſh pronunciation. They are ſeldom ſucceſsful in this attempt, for they generally overdo the buſineſs. We are told by Theophraſtus, that a *barbarian*, who had taken ſome pains to attain the true attic dialect with a greater degree of preciſion and purity, than was uſual amongſt the Athenians themſelves. To avoid the imputation of committing barbariſms, people ſometimes run into ſoleciſms, which are yet more ridiculous. Affectation is always more ridiculous than ignorance.

'Hibernia, thy ſtill ranker brogue,' is leſs

offenſive than the attempt to ſpeak delicate engliſh, which are made by ſome of thy ſons and daughters, who, aſhamed of their country, betray themſelves, by mincing out their abjuration. From all perſons, of whatever ſex, rank, or pretenſions, who call tables *teebles*, and chairs *cheers*, good Lord deliver us!

To ſuch would be runegadoes we prefer the honeſt quixotiſm of a modern champion* for the ſcottiſh accent, who boldly aſſerting, that 'the broad dialect riſes above reproach, ſcorn, and laughter,' enters the liſts, as he ſays of himſelf, in Tartan dreſs and armour, and throws down the gauntlet to the moſt prejudiced antagoniſt—'How weak is prejudice!' purſues this patriotic enthuſiaſt, 'the ſight of the highland kelt, the flowing plaid, the buſkin'd leg, provokes my antagoniſt to laugh!—Is this dreſs ridiculous in the eyes of reaſon and common ſenſe? No: nor

* James Adams, S. R. E. S. author of a book entitled, 'The pronunciation of the Engliſh Language Vindicated from imputed anomaly and caprice, with an appendix on the dialects of human ſpeech in all countries, and an analytical diſcuſſion and vindication of the dialect of Scotland.'

is the dialect of ſpeech; both are characteriſtic and national diſtinctions.

'The arguments of general vindication,' continues he, 'riſe powerful before my ſight, like the highland bands in full array. A louder ſtrain of apologetic ſpeech ſwells my words. What if it ſhould riſe high as the unconquered ſummits of Scotia's hills, and call back with voice ſweet as caledonian ſong, the days of ancient ſcottiſh heroes, or attempt the powerful ſpeech of the latin orator, or his of Greece? the ſubject, methinks, would well accord with the attempt: *Cupidum, Scotia optima, vires deficiunt.*

leave this to the *king of ſongs*. Dunbar and Dunkeld, Douglas in *virgilian* ſtrains, and later poets, Ramſay, Ferguſon, and Burns, awake from your graves, you have already immortalized the ſcotch dialect in raptured melody! Lend me your golden target and well pointed ſpear, that I may victoriouſly purſue, to the extremity of South Britain, reproachful ignorance and ſcorn ſtill lurking there:—Let impartial Candour ſeize their uſurped throne.—Great then is the birth of this national dialect,' &c.

So far ſo good. We have ſome ſympathy

with the rhapſodiſt, whoſe enthuſiaſm kindles at the names of Allen Ramſay and of Burns; nay, we are willing to hear (with a grain of allowance), that 'the manly eloquence of the ſcotch bar affords a ſingular pleaſure to the candid engliſh hearer, and gives merit and dignity to the noble ſpeakers, who retain ſo much of their own dialect and tempered propriety of engliſh ſounds, that they may be emphatically termed *britiſh orators*.' But we confeſs that we loſe our patient decorum, and are almoſt provoked to laughter, when our philological Quixote ſeriouſly ſets about to prove, that Adam and Eve ſpoke broad Scotch in Paradiſe. But let us check our laughter, for our hero will not permit us to ſmile at the learned etymologiſt, who in the time of queen Elizabeth wrote a folio to prove, that pure Welſh was the language of Adam and Eve in Paradiſe. How it could be both broad Scotch and pure Welſh we know not; but we muſt not, according to our grave ſcholiaſt, let 'looſe theſe muſcles, which exhibit the impreſſion of ignorance joined with ſurpriſe, for that is the ſource of the weakeſt paſſions in man—laughter, which is no confutation of errour.'

How angry has this grave patriot reaſon to be with his ingenious countryman Battie*, the celebrated champion of *Truth*, who acknowledges, that he never could, when a boy or man, look at a certain tranſlation of Ajax's ſpeech into one of the vulgar ſcotch dialects without laughing!

We ſhall now with boldneſs, ſimilar to that of the ſcotch champion, try the riſible muſcles of our engliſh readers; we are not, indeed, inclined to go quite ſuch lengths as he has gone: he inſiſts, that the ſcotch dialect ought to be adopted all over England; we are only going candidly to confeſs, that the Iriſh, in general, ſpeak *better Engliſh* than is commonly ſpoken by the natives of England. To limit this propoſition ſo as to make it appear leſs abſurd, we ſhould obſerve, that we allude to the lower claſſes of the people in both countries. In ſome counties in Ireland, many of the pooreſt labourers and cottagers do not underſtand Engliſh, they ſpeak only Iriſh, as in Wales there are vaſt numbers who ſpeak only Welſh; but amongſt thoſe who do ſpeak Engliſh we find fewer vulgariſms, than amongſt the ſame rank of perſons in England.

* Vide Illuſtrations on Sublimity, in his eſſays.

The Engliſh which they ſpeak is chiefly ſuch as has been traditional in their families from the early ſettlers in the iſland. During the reign of Elizabeth and the reign of Shakſpeare, numbers of Engliſh migrated to Ireland; and whoever attends to the phraſes of the lower Iriſh may, at this day, hear many of the phraſes and expreſſions uſed by Shakſpeare. Their vocabulary has been preſerved nearly in it's priſtine purity ſince that time, becauſe they have not had intercourſe with thoſe counties in England, which have made for themſelves a jargon, unlike to any language under Heaven. The iriſh *brogue* is a great and ſhameful defect, but it does not render the engliſh language unintelligible. There are but a few variations of the brogue, ſuch as the long and the ſhort, the thady brogue and paddy brogue, which differ much in tone, and but little in phraſeology; but in England, almoſt all of our fifty two counties have peculiar vulgariſms, dialects, and brogues, unintelligible to their neighbours. As Herodotus tells us, that ſome of the nations of Greece, though they uſed the ſame language, ſpoke it ſo differently, that they could not underſtand each other's converſation. This is literally the caſe at preſent

between the provincial inhabitants of remote parts of England. Indeed the language peculiar to the metropolis, or the *cockney* dialect, is proverbially ridiculous. The londoners, who look down with contempt upon all, that have not been *bred and born* within the ſound of Bow, talk with unconſcious abſurdity of weal and winegar, and vine and windors and idears, and aſk you *'ow* do you do? and *'ave ye bin taking* the *h*air in *'*yde park, and *'as* your *'*orſe *'*ad any *h*oats, &c. aſpirating always where they ſhould not, and never aſpirating where they would.

The *Zummerzetzheer* dialect full of broad *oos* and eternal *zeds*, ſupplies never failing laughter when brought upon the ſtage. Even a cockney audience reliſhes the broad pronunciation of John Moody, in the Journey to London, or of Sim in Wild Oats.

The cant of Suffolk, the vulgariſms of Shropſhire, the uncouth phraſeology of the three ridings of Yorkſhire, amaze and bewilder foreigners, who perhaps imagine, that they do not underſtand Engliſh, when they are in company with thoſe who cannot ſpeak it. The patois of Languedoc and Champagne, ſuch as '*Mein fis sest ai ſai vai*,' Mon fils c'eſt un beau veau, ex-

erciſes, it is true, the ingenuity of travellers, and renders many ſcenes of Moliere and Marivaux difficult, if not unintilligible, to thoſe who have never reſided in the french provinces; but no french patois is more unintilligible than the following ſpecimen of *Tummas and Meary's* Lancaſhire dialogue.

Thomas. "Whau, but I ſtartit up to goa to th' titis, on flurr'd deawn to th' lower part o' th' heymough, on by th' maſkins, lord! whot duſt think? boh leet hump ſtridd'n up o' ſummot ot felt meety heury, on it ſtartit weh meh on its back, deawn th' lower part o' th' mough it jumpt, croſt th' leath, eawt o' th' dur wimmey it took, on into th' weturing poo, os if th' dule o' Hell had driv'n it, on there it threw meh en, br I fell off, I cannaw tell whether, for th' life o' meh, into the poo."

Mary. "Whoo-wo, whoo-wo, whoo! whot, ith neme o' God! widneh ſay?"

Thomas. "If it wur naw Owd Nick, he wur th' orderer on't, to be ſhure ***. Weh mitch powlering I geet eawt o' th' poo, 'lieve *

* The gloſſary to the Lancaſhire dialect informs us, that *'lieve me* from *Beleemy*, believe me; from *Belamy*, my good friend, *old French.*

meh, as to liſt, I could na tell whether i'r in a ſleawm or weak'n, till eh groapt ot meh een; I crope under a wough, and ſtode like o' gawmbling*, or o parfit meatril, till welly day; on juſt then Ned coom ****, on he bleſt, on he prey'd, on mede ſitch marlocks, that if i'd naw been eh that wefo pickle †, is't o broſs'n weh leawghing ***—Coom, let's get off, ſed he, &c." Without being a Lancaſhire witch, the reader could hardly, at firſt ſight, underſtand all this; and leaſt it ſhould not reward the ſtudent's pains, we preſent for the advantage of the whole iriſh nation, and of all the higher claſs of the Engliſh, the following literal tranſlation. In general, we perfectly agree with the author of an ingenious 'Eſſay on the Principles of Tranſlation,' in his opinion, that the beſt tranſlator is he who tranfuſes the ſpirit of one language into another; yet, in the preſent inſtance, we hold ourſelves bound to the letter, and we conſequently have *done* the colloquy of Thomas and Mary into Engliſh with verbal preciſion. Here

* Gawmbling, (*Anglo-Saxon* gawmleſs), ſtupid.
† *Dutch.*

we cannot omit to return our thanks to the compiler of the very learned gloſſary, ſubjoined to the original text, in which the deriviations of the words from the Dutch, Coptic, Anglo-Saxon, &c. are carefully given.

Thomas. "I ſtarted up to go for the horſes, and ſlid down the lower part of the hay-mow; and by the maſkins, lord! what doſt think? I lit aſtride upon ſomething that felt mighty hairy, and it ſtarted up with me on its back down the hay-mow, it jumped, croſſed the barn, out of the door it took it's way with me, and into the water pool it went, as if the Devil of Hell had driven it; and there it threw me in, or I fell off, I cannot tell which for the life of me."

Mary. "Whoo, whoo, whoo! what in the name of God would you ſay?"

Thomas. "If it were not Old Nick, he was the orderer of it to be ſure **. With much pother I got out of the watering pool; and believe me or not as you like, I could not tell whether I were in a ſlumber or awake till I gr ed at my eyes; *** and I crept under a bou and ſtood like a fool, or a perfect natural, well nigh day; and juſt then Ned came he lifted up his hands, and he bleſſed, an

prayed, and made ſuch grimmaces, that if I had not been in that woful pickle, I ſhould have burſt with laughing ***.—Come, let us ſet off, ſaid he, &c." Though our hero modeſtly declares, that he cannot ſay a deal about it, yet ſome of our readers may be of a different opinion, and may poſſibly by this time, be as weary of Tummas and the cout, and the leith, and the hay-mough, and the buggart, and the whole Lancaſhire dialect and gloſſary, as Juvenal candidly* confeſs himſelf to have been with Oreſtes full of marginal notes, or with the grove of Mars, the cave of Eolus, and the Elyſian fields.

Let us now liſten to a converſation which we hope will not be quite ſo unintelligible.

* 1st Satire.

CHAPTER XIV.

BATH COACH CONVERSATION.

In one of the *genteel* coaches, which travel between Bath and London, an iriſh, a ſcotch, and an engliſh gentleman happened one day to be paſſengers. They were all three well informed and well bred; had ſeen the world, and lived in good company, and were conſequently ſuperiour to local and national prejudice. As their converſation was illuſtrative of our ſubject, we ſhall make no apology for relating it with all the accuracy with which it was repeated to us by one of the company. We paſs the uſual preliminary compliments, and the obſervations upon the weather and the roads. The iriſh gentleman firſt ſtarted a more intereſting ſubject —the Union; it's probable advantages and diſadvantages were fully diſcuſſed, and, at laſt the Iriſhman ſaid, 'Whatever our political opinions may be, there is one wiſh in which we ſhall all agree, that the union may make us better acquainted with one another.'

'It is ſurpriſing,' ſaid the Engliſhman, 'how ignorant we Engliſh in general are of Ireland: to be ſure we do not now, as in the times of Bacon and Spencer, believe that Wild Iriſhmen have wings, nor do we all of us give credit to Mr. Twiſs's aſſertion, that if you look at an iriſh lady ſhe anſwers '*port, if you please.*'

Scotchman.—'That traveller ſeems to be almoſt as liberal, as he who defined *oats*—food for horſes in England, and for men in Scotland: ſuch illiberal notions die away of themſelves.'

Iriſhman.—'Or they are contradicted by more liberal travellers. I am ſure my country has great obligations to the gallant engliſh and ſcotch military, not only for ſo readily aſſiſting to defend and quiet us, but for ſpreading in England a juſter notion of Ireland. Within theſe few months, I ſuppoſe more real knowledge of the ſtate and manners of that kingdom has been diffuſed in England, by their means, than had been obtained during a whole century.'

Scotchman.—'Indeed, I do not recollect having read any author of note, who has given me a notion of Ireland ſince Spencer and Davies, except Arthur Young.'

Englishman.—'What little knowledge I have of Ireland has been drawn more from obſervation than from books. I remember when I firſt went over there, I did not expect to ſee twenty trees in the whole iſland; I imagined that I ſhould have nothing to drink but whiſkey, that I ſhould have nothing to eat but potatoes, that I ſhould ſleep in mud walled cabins, that I ſhould, when awake, hear nothing but the iriſh howl, the iriſh brogue, iriſh anſwers and iriſh bulls; and that if I ſmiled at any of theſe things, a hundred piſtols would fly from their holſters to *give* or *demand* ſatisfaction. But experience taught me better things: I found that the ſtories I had heard were *tales of other times.* Their hoſpitality, indeed continues to this day,'

Scotchman.—'That they were famous for, of old, for if I remember right, in Holinſhed's Chronicle there is a curious account of one Patrick Sarsfield, mayor of Dublin, in the year 1551, who was moſt amazingly hoſpitable. I alſo recollect, that another iriſh gentleman is mentioned in Sheridan's Life of Swift, who kept open houſe all his life for a whole county. It was more like a fairy tale than a reality. Pray, ſir, is there any truth in the ſtory?'

Iriſhman.—'It is perfectly true, I believe; but of later days, as we have been honoured with the viſits of a greater number of foreigners, our hoſpitality has become leſs extravagant.'

Engliſhman.—'Not leſs agreeable. Iriſh hoſpitality, I ſpeak from experience, does not now conſiſt merely in puſhing the bottle briſkly round: the Iriſh are convivial, but their conviviality is ſeaſoned with wit and humour, they have plenty of good converſation as well as good cheer for their gueſts; and they not only have wit themſelves but they love it in others; they can give as well as take a joke. I never lived with a more good humoured, generous, open hearted people than the Iriſh.'

This panegyric upon his countrymen touched the Iriſhman to the ſoul, and his countenance ſhowed his feelings. After a pauſe, he reſumed the converſation by ſaying with a ſmile,—

'I wiſh Engliſhmen, in general, were half as partial to poor Ireland as you are, ſir.'

Engliſhman.—'Or rather you wiſh, that they knew the country as well, and then they would do it as much juſtice.'

Iriſhman.—'You do it ſomething more than juſtice, I fear. There are little peculiarities in

my countrymen, which will long be juſtly the ſubject of ridicule in England.'

Engliſhman.—'Yes, among the vulgar and ignorant, but not amongſt the higher and better informed claſs of ſociety.'

Scotchman.—'No; for well bred and well informed people, having ſeen and read of great varieties of cuſtoms and manners, are never apt to laugh at all that may differ from their own. As the ſenſible author of the government of the tongue ſays,—'Half witted people are always the bittereſt revilers.'

Iriſhman—'You are very indulgent, gentlemen; but in ſpite of all your politeneſs you muſt allow, or, at leaſt, I muſt confeſs, that there are little defects in the iriſh government of the tongue, at which even *whole* witted people muſt laugh.'

Engliſhman.—'The brogue?—Yes, the iriſh brogue ſounds ridiculous to our ears, but ſo does our accent to foreigners; they diſlike the engliſh brogue as much as we diſlike the iriſh.'

Scotchman.—'The well educated people, in all countries I believe, eſcape the particular accent, and avoid the idiom, that are characteriſtic of the vulgar.'

Irishman.—'But even when we eſcape iriſh brogue, we cannot eſcape iriſh bulls.'

Engliſhman.—'You need not ſay *iriſh* bulls with ſuch emphaſis, for bulls are not peculiar to Ireland. I have been informed, by a perſon of unqueſtionable authority, that there is a town in Germany, Hirſchau in the Upper Palatinate, where the inhabitants are famous for making bulls.'

Irishman.—'I am truly glad to hear we have companions in diſgrace. Numbers certainly leſſen the effect of ridicule as well as of ſhame: but after all, the iriſh idiom is peculiarly unfortunate, for it leads perpetually to blunder.'

Scotchman.—'I have heard the ſame remarked of the Hebrew. I am told, that the hebrew and the iriſh idiom are much alike.'

Irishman (laughing)—'That is a great comfort to us, certainly, particularly to thoſe amongſt us who are fond of tracing our origin up to the remoteſt antiquity; but ſtill there are many who would willingly give up the honour of this high alliance, to avoid it's inconveniencies; for my own part, if I could enſure myſelf and my countrymen from all future danger of making bulls and blunders, I would this inſtant give

up all hebrew roots; and even the Ogham character itſelf I would renounce, 'to make aſſurance doubly ſure.'

Engliſhman.—'To make *aſſurance doubly ſure*'—Now there is an example in our great Shakſpeare of what I have often obſerved, that we Engliſh allow our poets and ourſelves a licence of ſpeech that we deny to our hibernian neighbours. If an Iriſhman, inſtead of Shakſpeare, had talked of making 'aſſurance doubly ſure,' we ſhould have aſked how that could be. The vulgar in England are too apt to catch at every ſlip of the tongue made by Iriſhmen. I remember once being preſent, when an iriſh nobleman, of talents and literature, was actually hiſſed from the huſtings at a Middleſex election, becauſe in his ſpeech he happened to ſay,—'We have laid the root to the axe of the tree of liberty,' inſtead of, we have laid the axe to the root of the tree."

Scotchman.—'A lapſus linguæ, that might have been made by the greateſt orators ancient or modern, by Cicero or Chatham, by Burke or by 'the fluent Murray.'

Engliſhman.—'Upon another occaſion I have heard, that an iriſh orator was ſilenced with

inextinguishable laughter,' merely for saying 'I am ſorry to hear my honourable friend ſtand mute.'

Scotchman.—'If I am not miſtaken, that very ſame iriſh orator made an alluſion, at which no one could laugh. 'The protection, ſaid he, which Britain affords to Ireland, in the day of adverſity, is like that which the oak affords to the countryman, who flies to it for ſhelter in the ſtorm; it draws down upon his head the lightning of Heaven:' may be I do not repeat the words exactly, but I could not forget the idea.'

Engliſhman.—'I would with all my heart bear the ridicule of a hundred blunders for the honour of having made ſuch a ſimilie; after all, his ſaying 'I am ſorry to hear my honourable friend ſtand *mute*,' if it be a bull, is juſtified by Homer; one of the charms in the ceſtus of Venus, is,

'*Silence that ſpeaks*, and eloquence of eyes.'

Scotchman.—'*Silence that ſpeaks*, ſir, is, I am afraid, an engliſh not a grecian charm. It is not in the Greek; it is one of thoſe beautiful

liberties, which Mr. Pope has taken with his original. But ſilence that ſpeaks can be found in France as well as in England. Voltaire in his chef d'œuvre, his œdipus, makes Jocaſta ſay,

'Tout *parle* contre nous juſqu'à notre *ſilence**.

Engliſhman.—'And in our own Milton, Sampſon Agoniſtes makes as good, indeed a better, bull, for he not only makes the mute ſpeak, but ſpeak loud.

'The deeds themſelves, tho' *mute*, *ſpoke loud* the doer.'

And in Paradiſe Loſt we have, to ſpeak in *faſhionable* language, two *famous* bulls. Talking of Satan, Milton ſays,

'God, and his ſon except,
'Created thing, nought valued he nor ſhunn'd.'

* Every thing ſpeaks againſt us, even our ſilence.

And ſpeaking of Adam and Eve, and their ſons and daughters, he conſounds them all together, in a manner, for which any Iriſhman would have been laughed to ſcorn.

'Adam, the goodlieſt man of men ſince born,
'His ſons; the faireſt of her daughters Eve.'

Yet Addiſon, who notices theſe blunders, calls them only little blemiſhes.

Scotchman.—'He does ſo; and he quotes Horace, who tells us we ſhould impute ſuch venal errours to a pardonable inadvertency; and as I recollect, Addiſon makes another very juſt remark, that the ancients, who were actuated by a ſpirit of candour, and of cavilling, invented a variety of figures of ſpeech, on purpoſe to palliate little errours of this nature.'

'Really, gentlemen,' interrupted the Hibernian, who had ſat all this time in ſilence, that ſpoke his grateful ſenſe of the politeneſs of his companions; 'you will put the finiſhing ſtroke to my obligation to you, if you will prove that the ancient figures of ſpeech were invented to palliate iriſh blunders.'

Engliſhman.—'No matter for what purpoſe

they were invented, if we can make ſo good a uſe of them we ſhall be ſatisfied, eſpecially if you are pleaſed. I will, however, leave the burden of the proof upon my friend here, who has detected me already in quoting from Pope's Iliad inſtead of Homer's. I am ſure he will manage the ancient figures of rhetoric better than I ſhould; however, if I can fight behind his ſhield I ſhall not ſhun the combat.'

Scotchman.—'I ſtand corrected for quoting greek. Now I will not go to Longinus for my tropes and figures; I have juſt met with a little book on the ſubject, which I put into my pocket to day, intending to finiſh it on my journey, but I have been better employed.'

He drew from his pocket a book, called 'Deinology, or the Union of Reaſon and Elegance.'—'Look! (ſaid he), look at this long liſt of tropes and figures, amongſt them we could find apologies for iriſh bulls; but, in mercy, I will ſelect, from 'the twenty chief and moſt moving figures of ſpeech,' only the oxymoron, as it is a favourite with iriſh orators. In the oxymoron contradictions meet: to reconcile theſe iriſh ingenuity delights. I will further *ſpare four* out of the ſeven figures of leſs note: *emphaſis*, enallage, and the hyſteron proteron

you muſt have, becauſe emphaſis graces iriſh diction, enallage unbinds it from ſtrict grammatical fetters, and hyſteron proteron allows it ſometimes to put the cart before the horſe. Of the eleven grammatical figures, Ireland delights chiefly in the antimeria, or changing one part of ſpeech for another, and in the elipſis or defect. Of the remaining long liſt of figures, the iriſh are particularly diſpoſed to the epizeuxis, as 'indeed, indeed—at all, at all,' an antanaclaſis or double meaning. The tautotes, or repetition of the ſame thing, is, I think, full as common amongſt the Engliſh. The hyperbole and catachreſis are ſo nearly related to a bull, that I ſhall dwell upon them with pleaſure. You muſt liſten to the diſinition of a catachreſis—'A catachreſis is the boldeſt of any trope. *Neeessity makes it borrow and employ an expression or term, contrary to the thing it means to express.*'

'Upon my word this is ſomething like a definition of an iriſh bull,' interrupted the hibernian.

Scotchman.—'Let us go on.'

Englishman.—'Hear him! hear him!'

Scotchman.—'For inſtance, it has been ſaid, *Equitare in arundine longa*—to ride on horſeback.

on a ſtick. Reaſon condemns the contradiction, but neceſſity has allowed it, and uſe has made it, intelligible. The ſame trope is employed in the following metaphorical expreſſion—the ſeeds of the Goſpel have been *watered* with the *blood* of the martyrs.'

Engliſhman.—' So the poor iriſhman, who was laughed at ſo unmercifully at Buxton, for informing the company, that ' the beſt way of boiling potatoes was in cold water,' was not guilty of a bull, he only made uſe of a catachreſis?'

Iriſhman.—' And what figure of ſpeech did my countryman uſe who ſaid, that he ſhould have writted his letter better, only that he had not time to take a copy of it before he wrote it?'

Scotchman.—' A catachreſis. A *copy* is uſed without reference to it's original ſenſe, in the ſame manner as we ſay a *wooden tomb-ſtone*. But we need not go to the ancient figurative ſpeech to defend this iriſhman; Paſcal, you know, concluded one of his letters with ſaying, ' this is too long a letter, but you muſt excuſe it, for I have not time to make it ſhorter.'

' ' Well, (ſaid the iriſhman,) my friends, I will now give you a bull that neither of you can match. An evidence, who wanted to prove an

alibi, ſaid to his judge, My lard, I could not be like a bird, in two places at once.'

Engliſhman.—'That does ſeem an impoſſibility, I grant, but you know great orators *trample on impoſſibilities**.'

Scotchman.—'And great poets *get the better of them.* You recollect Shakſpeare ſays

'And bid me run,
'And I will ſtrive with things *impoſſible*,
'Yea, *get the better of them.*'

Engliſhman.—'And Corneille, in the Cid, I believe, makes his hero a compliment upon his having performed impoſſibilities.—'Vos maine ſeules ont le droit de vaincre un invincible †.'

Scotchman.—'Ay, that would be a bull in an Iriſhman, but it is only an hyperbole in a Frenchman.'

Iriſhman.—'Indeed this line of Corneille's out hyperboles the hyperbole, conſidered in any but a prophetic light; as a prophecy, it exactly

* Lord Chatham.

† Your hands alone have a right to conquer *the unconquerable.*

foretells the taking of Bonaparte's *invincible* ſtandard by the glorious forty-ſecond regiment of Britiſh; 'Your hands alone *have a right* to vanquiſh the invincible.'—By the by, the phraſe *ont le droit* cannot, I believe, be literally tranſlated into Engliſh, but the Scoteh and Iriſh—*have a right*—tranſlates it exactly. But do not let me interrupt my country's defence, gentlemen; I am heartily glad to find, that iriſh blunderers may ſhelter themſelves in ſuch good company in the ancient ſanctuary of the hyperbole. But I am afraid you muſt deny admittance to the poor maſon who, ſaid, 'this houſe will ſtand as long as the world does, and longer.'

Scotchman.—'Why ſhould we 'ſhut the gates of mercy' upon him, when we pardon his betters for more flagrant ſins, for inſtance, Mr. Pope, who in his Eſſay on Criticiſm, makes a blunder, or rather uſes an hyperbole, ſtronger than that of your poor iriſh maſon.

'When firſt young Maro in his noble mind
'A work *t'outlaſt immortal* Rome deſigned.'

And to give you a more modern caſe, I lately heard an engliſh ſhopkeeper ſay to a lady, in recommendation of his goods, 'Ma'am, it will

wear for ever, and make you a petticoat afterwards.'

Irishman.—'Upon my word I did not think you could have found a match for the maſon; but what will you ſay to my countryman, who, on meeting an acquaintance, aceoſted him with this ambiguous compliment—'When firſt I ſaw you I thought it was you, but now I ſee it is your brother.'

Scotchman.—'I ſhould, if I were not afraid you would take me for a pedant, quote a ſentence from Cicero, that is not far behind this blunder.'

Irishman.—'I can take you for nothing but a friend—pray let us have the latin.'

Scotchman.—'It is one of Cicero's compliments to Cæſar, in which there is almoſt as great a blunder as in your countryman's to his acquaintance.—'Qui, cum ipſe imperator in toto imperio populi Romani unus eſſet, eſſe me alterum paſſus eſt*.'—Perhaps, (continued the Scotchman), my way of pronouncing latin ſounds ſtrangely to you, gentlemen?'

* And when Cæſar was the *only emperor* within the dominion of Rome, he ſuffered me to be *another*.

Irishman.—'And perhaps ours would be unintelligible to Cicero himſelf, if he were to overhear us; I fancy we are all ſo far from right, that we need not diſpute about degrees of wrong.'

The coach ſtopped at this inſtant, and the converſation was interrupted.

CHAPTER XV.

BATH COACH CONVERSATION.

AFTER our travellers had dined, the converſation was renewed by the engliſh gentleman's repeating Goldſmith's celebrated lines on Burke—

'Who too deep for his hearers, ſtill went on refining,
'And thought of convincing, whilſt they thought of dining,
'In ſhort 'twas his fate unemployed or in place, ſir,
'To eat mutton cold, and cut blocks with a razor.'

'What humour and wit there are in that poem of Goldſmith's! and where is there any thing equal to his 'Traveller?'

Irishman.—'Yet this is the man who uſed to be the butt of the company for his bulls.'

Engliſhman.—'No, not for his bulls, but for *blurting* out opinions in converſation, that could not ſtand the teſt of Dr. Johnſon's critical powers. But what would become of the freedom of wit and humour, if every word that came out of our mouths were ſubject to the tax of a profeſſed critic's cenſure, or if every ſentence were to undergo a logical examination? It would be well for Engliſhmen, if they were a little more inclined, like your open hearted countrymen, to *blurt* out their opinions freely.'

Scotchman.—'I cannot forgive Dr. Johnſon for calling Goldſmith an inſpired idiot; I confeſs I ſee no idiotiſm, but much inſpiration in his works.'

Irishman.—'But we muſt remember, that if Johnſon did laugh at Goldſmith, he would let no one elſe laugh at him, and he was his moſt ſincere and active friend. The world would, perhaps, never have ſeen the Vicar of Wakefield, if Johnſon had not recommended it to a bookſeller, and Goldſmith might have died in

jail, if the Doctor had not got him a hundred pounds for it, when poor Goldſmith did not know it was worth a ſhilling. When we recollect this, we muſt forgive the Doctor for calling him, in jeſt, an inſpired idiot.'

Scotchman.—'Eſpecially as Goldſmith has wit enough, to bear him up againſt a thouſand ſuch jeſts.'

Engliſhman.—'It is curious to obſerve how nearly wit and abſurdity are allied. We may forgive the genius of Ireland if he ſometimes

'Leap his light courſer o'er the bounds of taſte.'

Even engliſh genius is not always to be reſtrained within the ſtrict bounds of common ſenſe. For inſtance Young is witty when he ſays

'How would a miſer ſtartle, to be told
'Of ſuch a wonder as inſolvent gold!'

But Johnſon is, I am afraid, abſurd, when he ſays—

'Turn from the glittering bribe your ſcornful eye,
'*Nor ſell for gold what gold can never buy.*'

'Where is the abſurdity?' ſaid the Iriſhman, who at firſt was ſo much ſtruck at the fineneſs of the thought, that he did not perceive the bull in the expreſſion, till his friend aſked, how any perſon could ſell for gold, which could never be bought for gold?—He then laughed and ſaid,

'One caſe to be ſure muſt be excepted; a patriot may ſell his reputation, and the purchaſer get nothing by it.'

Scotchman.—'After all we have ſaid of iriſh bulls, we have never preciſely ſettled what they are. Can you define an iriſh bull?'

Iriſhman—'I ſhould ſay, that an *incongruity of ideas* conſtitutes a bull.'

Scotchman—'That ſuppoſition touches too cloſely upon the definition of wit; which according to the beſt authorities, Locke, Burke, and Stewart, conſiſts, you know, in an unexpected aſſemblage of ideas, apparently diſcordant, but in which ſome point of reſemblance or aptitude is ſuddenly diſcovered.'

Iriſhman.—'Then, perhaps, the eſſence of a bull lies in *confuſion of ideas.*'

Engliſhman.—'That ſounds plauſible in theory, but it will not apply in practice, for confuſion of ideas is common to both countries. What do you think of the engliſh ſtudent, who when

he was aſked what progreſs he had made in the ſtudy of medicine, modeſtly replied—'I hope I ſhall ſoon be fully qualified to be a phyſician, for I think I am now able to cure a child.'

'O, (ſaid the Scotchman, laughing), confuſion of ideas cannot conſtitute a bull, or this would be one. Another definition, if you pleaſe, ſir.'

Irishman.—'To amend our bill, ſuppoſe we inſert the word laughable and ſay, that a certain *laughable confuſion of ideas* conſtitutes a bull.'

Engliſhman.—'Still there are engliſh blunders of this deſcription. Do not you remember Blackmore's famous lines in prince Arthur?

'A painted veſt prince Vortigern had on,
'Which from a naked Pict his grandſire won.'

Have not we here a laughable confuſion of ideas? and in another paſſage, where the ſame poet ſays,

'He roared ſo loud, and looked ſo wond'rous grim,
'His very ſhadow durſt not follow him.'

Scotchman.—To many people, the moſt ſtale

and vulgar iriſh would appear more laughable, merely becauſe it was Iriſh, therefore we cannot make the propenſity to laughter in one man the criterion of what is ridiculous in another.

Engliſhman.—'We have, however, a precedent for this mode of judging, in the laws of England, which are allowed to be the perfection of human reaſon. If a man ſwear, that his neighbour has put him in bodily fear, he may have him ſent to jail, if the accuſed cannot find ſureties; and thus the feelings of the plaintiff become the meaſure of the defendant's guilt.'

Scotchman.—'Well, ſir, you ſeem not to have any other definition ready for us. The eſſence of a bull muſt be of the moſt ethereal nature, for notwithſtanding our indefatigable reſearch it has hitherto eſcaped us. The crucible always breaks in the long expected moment of projection.'

Iriſhman.—'I have not the leaſt inclination to recommence the proceſs.'

Engliſhman.—'Then you acknowledge, that there is no ſuch thing in nature as an iriſh bull?'

Iriſhman.—'Conſcience forbid!'

Scotchman.—'But if it exiſts it could be defined.'

Iriſhman.—'Not by me; I am but a ſorry

logician; but I think I can give you an example of an iriſh bull, in which are all the eſſential requiſites, incongruity, confuſion, and laughable confuſion, both in thought and expreſſion. When ſir Richard Steele was aſked how it happened, that his countrymen made ſo many bulls, he replied—'It is the effect of climate, ſir; if an Engliſhman were born in Ireland, he would make as many.'

Scotchman.—'This is an excellent bull, I allow, but I think I can match it.'

Engliſhman.—'And if he can, you will allow yourſelf to be fairly vanquiſhed?'

Iriſhman.—'Moſt *willingly.*'

Scotchman.—'Then I ſhall owe my victory to our friend, Dr. Johnſon, the leviathan of engliſh literature. In his celebrated preface to Shakſpeare he ſays, that 'he has not only ſhown human nature as it acts in real exigencies, but as it *would be found in ſituations to which it cannot be expoſed.*' Theſe are his own words, I think I remember them accurately.'

The engliſh gentleman ſmiled, and our Hibernian acknowledged, that the Scotchman had fairly gained the victory.—'My friends, (added he), as I cannot pretend to be 'convinced againſt my will,' I certainly am not 'of the ſame

opinion ſtill.' But ſtay, there are ſuch things as practical bulls. Did not you hear of the Iriſhman, who ordered a painter to draw his picture, and to repreſent him ſtanding behind a tree?'

Engliſhman.—'No; but I have heard the very ſame ſtory told of an Engliſhman. The dealers in *good jokes* give them firſt to one nation and then to another, firſt to one celebrated character and then to another, as it ſuits the demand and faſhion of the day; juſt as our printſellers, with a few touches, change the portrait of general Waſhington into the head of the king of France, and a capital print of ſir John Reynolds into a ſtriking likeneſs of *the Monster.*'

Iriſhman—'But, alas, there are phyſiogmies ſo ſtrangely marked with national peculiarity, that it is impoſſible to diſguiſe them completely. On the face of certain things there are characteriſticks, which cannot be counterfeited.—Engliſhmen may, perhaps, ſometimes make practical bulls, but they are of a different breed from ours.'

Engliſhman.—'Give us an inſtance; I think if there be any eſſential differences, I could be taught to know one bull from another, though I

ſhould deſpair of ever rivalling the Norfolk goſherds, who pretend to know any one gooſe in a flock by the peculiarities of countenance.'

Iriſhman.—'Laugh, but hear me.—Could any one but an Iriſhman have made the blunder of the boots. You probably have heard the ſtory twenty times. An iriſh gentleman who had the gout, ordered his ſhoemaker to make him *a pair of boots*, but bid him be ſure to make one of them larger than the other.—The ſhoemaker made two boots, one of which fitted, the other was too ſmall. The ſhoemaker inſiſted upon it, that he had executed the order which had been given him.'

Scotchman.—'Do you reſt the merit of this blunder upon the inaccurate uſe of the word *pair*, if you do, you are undone, for that inaccuracy is common out of Ireland.—'Oh ill matched pair!' is an exclamation you muſt have heard, and why not an ill matched pair of boots.'

Engliſhman.—'And if you be not yet ſatisfied, conſole yourſelf for your countryman's blunder about *larger and leſs*, by the practical bull of our great mathematician ſir Iſaac Newton, who, after he had made a large hole in his ſtudy door for his cat to creep through, made a ſmall *hole beſide* it, for the kitten.

Scotchman—'You will acknowledge, ſir, that this is as good a practical bull as can be produced, and that 'none *but himſelf* can be his *parallel*.'

Iriſhman.—'Well, you muſt alſo acknowledge, gentlemen, that I have committed a practical plunder all this time, in pleading againſt myſelf and my country.'

Scotchman.—'You have only been trying what could be ſaid againſt your countrymen, on purpoſe to ſhow how little could be produced; but there are many orators who plead againſt themſelves in ſober earneſt without intending it, and after a world of preparation. I think it is ſaid, that Iſocrates took nineteen or twenty years to compoſe a panegyric on the Athenians, which he begins thus—'The virtue and efficacy of eloquence is ſo great, as to be able to render great things contemptible, to dreſs up trifling ſubjects in pomp and ſhow, to clothe what is old and obſolete in a new dreſs, and put off new occurrences under an air of antiquity.' 'And is this, (ſays Longinus), what you are going to do?'—You ſee, (continued the Scotchman, ſmiling), that I could not get through the day without quoting my favourite Longinus, but

give me credit for ſparing you the greek, and match my ancient bull in the ultima Thule if you can.'

The Iriſhman was trying to recollect ſome of his countrymen's blunders, but the engliſh gentleman interrupted him by ſaying, 'I think *I* have alſo a modern bull, that will drive you off the field; a political bull of a jeſuit's; you would hardly ſuſpect a jeſuit of a naiveté; a naiveté, which, perhaps, was the cauſe of the aboliſhment of the jeſuit college at Pekin.—When the emperor of China expreſſed his ſurpriſe at the immenſe power and territory of the king of Spain in South America, the jeſuit, to whom he addreſſed himſelf, replied, that the miſſionaries had been previouſly ſent to *convert the people to the roman catholic faith, after which their subjugation followed of course.*'

Irishman.—'Probably this jeſuit was an Iriſhman.'

Englishman.—'Pardon me, he was a Spaniard.'

Irishman.—'Now we talk of jeſuits, I am afraid that there may be heavier charges made againſt my countrymen, than ſimply that of being blunderers and making of bulls. Did you never hear of iriſh anſwers and iriſh

witneſſes. You are too ingenuous to underſtand their defence.'

Engliſhman.—'Ingenuouſly I think then, that the habit of giving indirect anſwers, which I certainly found to be prevalent in Ireland, is not peculiar to the Iriſh, but that it may be induced by certain treatment in any country, or in any climate. I am ſure you recollect Brian Edwards's character of the Weſt Indian negroes; it ſeems drawn for the Iriſh, and Ives gives a ſimilar account of the cunning of the negroes at Madras. I particularly remember, that he ſays they are remarkably quick and ready accountants, but they are ſo very artful, they never declare their own computation firſt; they aſk 'what does maſter make account come to?' if you ſay more than it really is, they cry out, 'Very right maſter,' but if you make it leſs, they will be ſure to correct your errour; and if you detect them in cheating, they plead the cuſtom of their country, for their maxim is—'What white man forget, that God give black man;' and they cry, 'Maſter forgive this one time, I am poor fooliſh fellow, what ſhould I know? Ah! I ſee maſter knows beſt, God has made good head for maſſa.'

Iriſhman.—'This is juſt the picture of a 'cute

iriſh labourer ſettling accounts—'Your honour knows beſt, ſure,—Is not it in the book?—Not a ha'p'orth do I know about it.'

Engliſhman.—'But you obſerve, that this cunning is a defect ariſing neceſſarily from their ſituation, and the manner in which they have been treated, not from peculiar national character. When they find that God gives them ſomething beſide what their betters forget, the lower claſſes of people in Ireland will turn their ingenuity to improve their own property, inſtead of cheating or chicaning their neighbours.'

Iriſhman.—'*Chicaning*; ay, there's the rub; they cannot live without lawſuits, and iriſh witneſſes are 'damned to everlaſting fame;' an iriſh witneſs will let himſelf be driven over ſo much ground in evidence, that he is at laſt quite ſpent, and much to the amuſement of *the huntſman lawyer**, he throws himſelf at laſt, at ſome ſhort unexpected turn, into the jaws of his purſuers.'

Engliſhman.—'But in ſpite of your ſmile, you muſt do your countrymen juſtice; their conſciences are not more venal than thoſe of their neighbours. Recollect the practices of

* The huntſman ghoſt.—Dryden.

the engliſh witneſſes during the time of Oliver Cromwell, when taking a falſe oath was deemed

'A breach
'Of nothing but a form of ſpeech,'

And within this laſt month lord Kenyon told certain engliſh attornies, 'that he dared not receive their affidavits, leſt they ſhould perjure themſelves. One man, (ſaid he), was perjured from head to foot,' and his lordſhip bade him go down from the table and ſin no more.'

Irishman.—'But no engliſh witneſs or attorney was ever guilty of the bull of ſwearing to an et cetera.'

Scotchman.—'If the Engliſh were not, the Italians were, witneſs the italian prayer, 'Lord deliver us from the fury of mobs, the quiproques of phyſicians, and *the et eeteras of lawyers.*' After all it is not every *honest* man, who is qualified to be a good witneſs. I was lately looking over the grand inſtructions to the commiſſioners for framing the ruſſian code of laws, which is ſaid to have been compoſed by her imperial majeſty Catherine, empreſs of all the Ruſſias; but which, as I am credibly informed was drawn up by a countryman of my own,

the late lord Mansfield. Now the definition of perſons qualified to be witneſs is very curious. 'Every man of good ſenſe, that is, whoſe ideas have a connexion with each other, and whoſe ſenſations ſympathiſe with the ſenſations of thoſe who are like himſelf, is qualified to be a witneſs.' How few of any country, according to this teſt, would be properly qualified to give evidence!'

Irishman.—'Party ſpirit certainly warps the beſt underſtandings, and makes men ſee what they do not ſee, and hear what they do not hear. During the french invaſion of Ireland, two perſons of undoubted integrity, who lived in the ſame houſe, kept journals of all that paſſed. When the journals were compared, ſcarcely a point of reſemblance could be diſcovered. *Hiſtoric doubts* are not, perhaps, the leaſt uſeful part of hiſtory.'

Engliſhman.—'So we have reaſon to apprehend, ſince the great gen. Schomberg adviſed an hiſtorian* to beware of giving or pretending to give preciſe accounts of engagements and battles, becauſe he declared he had never been able, in time of action, to ſee exactly all that was paſſing. Such a confeſſion could be made

* Michel de Vaſſor.

only by a truly great man. In civil commotions, the difficulty of ſeeing and hearing with impartiality muſt be increaſed beyond the power of calculation.'

Scotchman.—'Aſſuredly. But people who are diſturbed neither by the dint of battle nor party ſpirit, even calm philoſophers are ſometimes known to exaggarate a little. Were either of you gentlemen ever electrified?'

Engliſhman.—'Yes, I was electrified very lately at Walker's lectures.'

Scotchman.—'And did you find it a moſt tremendous operation?'

Engliſhman (laughing).—'Tremendous! not in the leaſt.'

Scotchman.—'But did not you immediately feel, as if you had a heavy ſtone upon your head?—Did not you apprehend, that you were in danger of an ardent fever, and did not you take refrigerating draughts?'

Engliſhman.—'No I! I took a good dinner of the roaſt beef of old England, and I felt nothing on my head but my hat.'

Scotchman.—'Indeed! Then you are very unlike profeſſor Muſchenbroeck and Mr. Winckler. Winckler took refrigerating medicines becauſe he thought he was in an ardent fever;

Muſchenbroeck was two days before he recovered, and he proteſted, that he would not take another ſhock for the whole kingdom of France! Dr. Prieſtly may well ſay, that it is curious to compare the real ſenſation with the exaggerations of theſe early electricians. You ſee, ſir, that not only iriſh witneſſes, but great philoſophers, ſometimes err in evidence. Let us not make one nation the ſcrapegoat for all the world. Let us hear no more of iriſh witneſſes, iriſh bulls, and iriſh blunderers.'

'Pardon me,' ſaid the Hibernian, 'we have ſtill ſome miles farther to go, and if you will give me leave, I will relate 'an hibernian tale,' which exemplifies ſome of the opinions held in this converſation.'

The ſcotch and engliſh gentlemen begged to hear the ſtory, and he began in the following manner.

CHAPTER XVI.

THE IRISH INCOGNITO.

Sir John Bull was a native of Ireland, *bred* and *born* in the city of Cork. His real name was Phelim O'Mooney, and he was by profeſſion a *ſtucchogh* or walking gentleman; that is, a perſon who is too proud to earn his bread, and too poor to have bread without earning it. He had always been told, that none of his anceſtors had ever been in trade or buſineſs of any kind, and he reſolved, when a boy, never to *demean* himſelf and family, as his elder brother had done, by becoming a rich merchant. When he grew up to be a young man, he kept this ſpirited reſolution, as long as he had a relation or friend in the world, who would let him hang upon them; but when he was ſhaken off by all, what could he do but go into buſineſs; he choſe the moſt genteel, however—he became a wine merchant. I'm *only* a wine merchant, ſaid he to himſelf, and that is next door to being nothing

at all. His brother furniſhed his cellars; and Mr. Phelim O'Mooney, upon the ſtrength of the wine that he had in his cellars, and of the money he expected to make of it, immediately married a wife, ſet up a gig, and gave excellent dinners to men who were ten times richer than he even ever *expected* to be. In return for theſe excellent dinners, his new friends bought all their wine from Mr. O'Mooney, and never paid for it; he lived upon credit himſelf, and gave all his friends credit, till he became a bankrupt. Then nobody came to dine with him, and every body found out that he had been very imprudent; and he was obliged to ſell his gig, but not before it had broken his wife's neck; ſo that when accounts came to be finally ſettled, he was not much worſe than when he began the world, the loſs falling upon his creditors, and he being, as he obſerved, 'free to begin life again with the advantage of being once more a bachelor.' He was ſuch a good natured, free-hearted fellow, that every body liked him, even his creditors. His wife's relations made up the ſum of five hundred pounds for him, and his brother offered to take him into his firm as partner; but O'Mooney preferred, he ſaid, go-

ing to try, or rather to make, his fortune in England, as he did not doubt but he ſhould by marriage, being, as he did not ſcruple to acknowledge, a perſonable, clever looking man, and a great favourite with the ſex.

My laſt wife I married for love, my next I expect will do the ſame by me, and of courſe the money muſt come on her ſide this time, ſaid our hero, half jeſting, half in earneſt. His elder and wiſer brother, the merchant, whom he ſtill held in more than ſufficient contempt, ventured to hint ſome ſlight objections to this ſcheme of Phelim's ſeeking fortune in England. He obſerved that ſo many had gone upon this plan already, that there was rather a prejudice in England againſt iriſh adventurers.

'This could not affect *him* any ways,' Phelim replied; 'becauſe he did not mean to appear in England as an Iriſhman at all.'

'How then?'

'As an Engliſhman, ſince that is moſt agreeable.'

'How can that be?'

'Who ſhould hinder it?'

His brother, heſitatingly, ſaid—'Yourſelf.'

'Myſelf!—What part of myſelf? Is it my tongue? You'll acknowledge brother, that I do not ſpeak with the brogue.'

It was true, that Phelim did not ſpeak with any iriſh brogue, his mother was an engliſh woman, and he had lived much with the engliſh officers in Cork, and he had ſtudied and imitated their manner of ſpeaking ſo ſucceſsfully, that no one, merely by his accent, could have gueſſed that he was an Iriſhman.

'Hey! brother I ſay!' continued Phelim, in a triumphant engliſh tone; 'I never was taken for an Iriſhman in my life. Colonel Broadman told me the other day I ſpoke Engliſh better than the Engliſh themſelves; that he ſhould take me for an Engliſhman, in any part of the known world, the moment I opened my lips.

You muſt allow, that not the ſmalleſt particle of brogue is deſcernible on my tongue.'

His brother allowed, that not the ſmalleſt particle of brogue was to be deſcerned upon Phelim's tongue, but feared that ſome iriſh idiom might be perceived in his converſation—And then the name of O'Mooney!

'O, as to that, I need not trouble an act of parliament, or even a king's letter, juſt to

change my name for a ſeaſon; at the worſt I can travel and appear incognito.'

'Always?'

'No—only juſt till I'm upon good terms with the lady——Mrs. Phelim O'Mooney that is to be, God willing—Never fear, nor ſheak your head, brother—*you* men of buſineſs are out of this line, and not proper judges; I beg your pardon for ſaying ſo: but as you are my own brother, and nobody by, you'll excuſe me.'

His brother did excuſe him, but continued ſilent for ſome minutes; he was pondering upon the means of perſuading Phelim to give up this ſcheme.'

'I would lay you any wager, my dear Phelim, (ſaid he), that you could not continue four days, in England, incognito.'

'Done! (cried Phelim). Done for a hundred pounds; done for a thouſand pounds, and welcome.'

'But if you loſe, how will you pay?'

'Faith! that's the laſt thing I thought of—being ſure of winning.'

'Then you will not object to any mode of payment I ſhall propoſe.'

'None—only remembering always, that I was a bankrupt laſt week, and ſhall be little better till I'm married; but then I'll pay you honeſtly, if I loſe.'

'No, if you loſe I muſt be paid before that time, my good ſir, (ſaid his brother laughing). My bet is this; I will lay you one hundred guineas, that you do not remain four days in England incognito: be upon honour with me, and promiſe, that, if you loſe, you will, inſtead of laying down a hundred guineas, come back immediately and ſettle quietly again to buſineſs.'

The word *business* was always odious to our hero's proud ears; but he thought himſelf ſo ſecure of winning his wager, that he willingly bound himſelf in a penalty, which he believed would never become due; and his generous brother, at parting, made the bet ſtill more favourable, by allowing that Phelim ſhould not be deemed the loſer, unleſs he was, in the courſe of the firſt four days after he touched engliſh ground, detected eight times in being an Iriſhman

'Eight times! (cried Phelim). Good by to a hundred guineas, brother, you may ſay.'

'You may ſay!' echoed his brother, and ſo they parted.

Mr. Phelim O'Mooney the next morning ſailed from Cork harbour with a proſperous gale, and with a confidence in his own ſucceſs, which ſupplies the place of auſpicious omens. He embarked at Cork to go by long ſea to London, and was driven into Deal, where Julius Cæſar once landed before him, and with the ſame reſolution to ſee and conquer. It was early in the morning. Having been ſea ſick he was impatient, as ſoon as he got into the inn, for his breakfaſt. He was ſhown into a room where three ladies were waiting to go by the ſtage: his air of eaſy confidence was the beſt poſſible introduction.

'Would any of the company chooſe eggs?' ſaid the waiter.

'I never touch an egg for my ſhare,' ſaid O'Mooney, careleſsly; he knew that it was ſuppoſed to be an iriſh cuſtom to eat eggs at breakfaſt; and when the malicious waiter afterward ſat a plate full of eggs in ſalt upon the table, our hero magnanimouſly abſtained from them; he even laughed heartily at the ſtory told by one of the ladies of an Hibernian at Buxton, who declared, that 'no engliſh hen ever laid a freſh egg.'

O'Mooney got through breakfaſt much to his own ſatisfaction, and to that of the ladies, whom he had taken a proper occaſion to call the *three graces*, and whom he had informed, that he was an *old* baronet of an engliſh family, and that his name was ſir John Bull. The youngeſt of the graces civily obſerved, 'that whatever elſe he might be, ſhe ſhould never have taken him for an *old* baronet.' The lady who made this ſpeech was pretty; but O'Mooney had penetration enough to diſcover, in the courſe of the converſation, that ſhe and her companions were far from being divinities: his three graces were a green grocer's wife, a tallow chandler's widow, and a millioner. When he found that theſe ladies were likely to be his companions, if he were to travel in the coach, he changed his plan, and ordered a poſtchaiſe and four.

O'Mooney was not in danger of making any valgar iriſh blunders in paying his bill at an inn. No landlord or waiter could have ſuſpected him, eſpecially as he always left them to ſettle the matter firſt, and then looked over the bill and money with a careleſs gentility, ſaying—'Very right, or 'very well, ſir;' wiſely calculating, that it was better to loſe a few ſhillings on the

road, than to loſe a hundred pounds by the riſk of hibernian miſcalculation.

Whilſt the chaiſe was getting ready, he went to the cuſtomhouſe to look after his baggage. He found a red hot countryman of his own there, roaring about four and four pence, and fighting the battle of his trunks, in which, he was ready to make affidavit, there was not nor never had been any thing contraband; and when the cuſtomhouſe officer replied, by pulling out of one of them a piece of iriſh poplin, the Hibernian fell immediately upon the Union, which he ſwore was Diſunion, as the cuſtomhouſe officers managed it. Sir John Bull appeared to much advantage all this time, maintaining a dignified ſilence; from his quiet appearance and deportment, the cuſtomhouſe officers took it for granted, that he was an Engliſhman.—'He was in no hurry—he begged *that* gentleman's buſineſs might be ſettled firſt—he would wait the officer's leiſure, and as he ſpoke he played ſo dexterouſly with half a guinea between his fingers, as to make it viſible only where he wiſhed. The cuſtomhouſe officer was his humble ſervant immediately; but the Hibernian would have been his enemy, if he had not conciliated him by ob-

ſerving—'that even Engliſhmen muſt allow there was ſomething very like a bull, in profeſſing to make a complete identification of the two kingdoms, whilſt, at the ſame time, certain regulations continued in full force to divide the countries by art, even more than the britiſh channel does by nature.'

Sir John talked ſo plauſily, and, above all, ſo candidly and coolly on iriſh and engliſh politics, that the cuſtomhouſe officer converſed with him, for a quarter of an hour, without gueſſing of what country he was, till in an unlucky moment Phelim's heart got the better of his head. Joining in the praiſes beſtowed by all parties on the conduct of a diſtinguiſhed patriot of his own country, he, in the highth of his enthuſiaſm, inadvertantly called him *the speaker*.

'*The speaker!*' ſaid the officer.

'Yes, the ſpeaker—*our* ſpeaker!' cried Phelim, with exultation. He was not aware how he had betrayed himſelf, till the officer ſmiled and ſaid—

'Sir, I really never ſhould have found out that you were an Iriſhman, but from the manner in which you named your countryman, who is as highly thought of by all parties in this

country as in yours; your enthuſiaſm does honour to your heart.'

'And to my head, I'm ſure, (ſaid our hero, laughing with the beſt grace imaginable). 'Well! I am glad you have found me out in this manner, though I loſe the eighth part of a bet of a hundred guineas by it.'

He explained the wager, and begged the cuſtomhouſe officer to keep his ſecret, which he promiſed to do faithfully, and aſſured him, that 'he ſhould be happy to do any thing in his power to ſerve him.' Whilſt he was uttering theſe laſt words, there came in a ſnug, but ſoft looking Engliſhman, who opining from the words 'happy to do any thing in my power to ſerve you,' that O'Mooney was a friend of the cuſtomhouſe officer's, and encouraged by ſomething affable and good natured in our hero's countenance, crept up to him, and whiſpered a requeſt—'Could you tell a body, ſir, how to get out of the cuſtomhouſe a very valuable box of Sèvre china, that has been *laying* in the cuſtomhouſe theſe three weeks, and which I was commiſſioned to get out if I could, and bring up to town for a lady.'

As a lady was in the caſe, O'Mooney's gal-

lantry inſtantly made his good nature effective. The box of Sèvre china was produced, and opened only as a matter of form, and only as a matter of curioſity. It's contents were examined—a beautiful ſet of Sèvre china and a pendule, ſaid to have belonged to M. Egalité! Theſe things muſt be intended, ſaid Phelim, for ſome lady of ſuperiour taſte or fortune.

As Phelim was a proficient in the ſocratic art of putting judicious interrogatories, he was ſoon maſter of the principle points it concerned him to know: he learnt that the lady was rich—a ſpinſter—of full age—at her own diſpoſal—living with a ſingle female companion at Blackheath—furniſhing a houſe there in a ſuperiour ſtyle—had two carriages—her chriſtian name Mary—her ſir name Sharperſon.

O'Mooney, by the bleſſing of God, it ſhall ſoon be, thought Phelim. He politely offered the Engliſhman a place in his chaiſe for himſelf and Sèvre china, as it was for a lady, and would run great hazard in the ſtage, which beſides was full. Mr. Queaſy, for that was our ſoft Engliſhman's name, was aſtoniſhed by our hero's condeſcenſion and affability, eſpecially as he heard him called ſir John; he bowed ſundry

times as low, as the fear of loſing his wig would permit, and accepted the polite offer with many thanks for himſelf and the lady concerned.

Sir John Bull's chaiſe and four was ſoon ready; and Queaſy, ſeated in the corner of it and the Sèvre china ſafely ſtowed between his knees —Captain Murray a ſcotch officer, was ſtanding at the inn door, whoſe eyes were intently fixed on the letters that were worked in nails on the top of ſir John's trunk; the letters were P. O'M. Our hero, whoſe eyes were at leaſt as quick as the Scotchman's, was alarmed leſt this ſhould lead to a ſecond detection. He called inſtantly, with his uſual preſence of mind, to the hoſtler, and deſired him to uncord *that* trunk, as it was not to go with him, raiſing his voice loud enough for all *the yard* to hear, he added—'It is not mine at all, it belongs to my friend Mr. O'Mooney, let it be ſent after me, at leiſure, by the waggon, as directed, to the care of ſir John Bull.'

Our hero was now giving his invention a prodigious quantity of ſuperfluous trouble; and upon this occaſion, as upon moſt others, he was

more in danger from exceſs than deficiency of ingenuity; he was like the man in the fairy tale, who was obliged to tie his legs leſt he ſhould outrun the object of which he was in purſuit. The ſcotch officer, though his eyes were fixed on the letters P. O'M. had none of the ſuſpicions which Phelim was counteracting, he was only conſidering how he could aſk for the third place in ſir John's chaiſe during the next ſtage, as he was in great haſte to get to town upon particular buſineſs, and there were no other horſes at the inn. When he heard that the heavy baggage was to go by the waggon, he took courage, and made his requeſt. It was inſtantly granted by the good natured Hibernian, who ſhowed as much hoſpitality about his chaiſe, as if it had been his houſe. Away they drove as faſt as they could. Freſh dangers awaited at the next inn—he left his hat upon the table in the hall whilſt he went into the parlour, and when he returned, he heard ſome perſon inquiring what iriſh gentleman was there. Our hero was terribly alarmed, for he ſaw that his hat was in the inquiſitor's hand, and he recollected that the name of Phelim O'Mooney was written in it. This, the inquiſitive gentleman did not ſee,

for it was written in no very legible characters on the leather within ſide of the front; but 'F, Gueſt, Hatter, Dame-ſtreet, Dublin,' was a printed advertiſement that could not be miſtaken, and *that* was paſted within the crown. O'Mooney's preſence of mind did not forſake him upon this emergency.

'My good ſir,' ſaid he, turning to Queaſy, who, without hearing one word of what was paſſing, was coming out of the parlour with his own hat and gloves in his hand; 'My good ſir,' continued he, loading him with parcels, 'will you have the goodneſs to ſee theſe put into the carriage—I'll take care of your hat and gloves,' added O'Mooney in a low voice. Queaſy ſurrendered his hat and gloves inſtantly, unknowing wherefore: then ſqueezed forward with his load through the crowd, crying—'Waiter! hoſtler! pray ſomebody put theſe into ſir John Bull's chaiſe.'

Sir John Bull, equipped with Queaſy's hat, marched deliberately through the defile, bowing with the air of at leaſt an engliſh county member to this ſide and to that, as way was made for him to his carriage. No one ſuſpected, that

the hat belonged to him; no one, indeed, thought of the hat, for all eyes were fixed upon the man; ſeated in the carriage, he threw money to the waiter, hoſtler, and boot, drew up the glaſs, bidding the poſtillion drive on. By this cool ſelf poſſeſſion our hero effected his retreat with ſucceſsful generalſhip, leaving his new Dublin beaver behind him, as bona viata, without regret. Queaſy, before whoſe eyes things paſſed continually without his ſeeing them, thanked ſir John for the care he had taken of his hat, drew on his gloves, and calculated aloud how long they ſhould be going to the next ſtage. At the firſt town they paſſed through, O'Mooney bought a new hat, and Queaſy deplored the unaccountable miſtake by which ſir John's hat was forgotten. No further *mistakes* happened upon the journey. The travellers rattled on, and neither 'ſtinted nor ſtayed,' till they arrived at Blackheath, at Miſs Sharperſon's. Sir John ſet Queaſy down without having given him the leaſt hint of his deſigns upon the lady; but as he helped him out with the Sèvre china, he looked through the large opening double doors of the hall and ſlightly ſaid—'Upon my word this ſeems to be a handſome houſe; it would

be worth looking at, if the family were not at home.'

'I am morally ſure, ſir John,' ſaid the ſoft Queaſy, 'that miſs Sharperſon would be happy to let you ſee the houſe to night, and this minute, if ſhe knew you were at the door, and who you were, and all your civility about me and the china.—Do pray walk in.'

'Not for the world—a gentleman could not do ſuch a thing without an invitation from the lady of the houſe.'

'Oh, if that's all? I'll ſtep up myſelf to the young lady—I'm certain ſhe'll be proud——'

'Mr. Queaſy by no means—I would not have the lady diſturbed, for the world, at this unſeaſonable hour.—It is too late—quite too late.'

'Not at all, begging pardon, ſir John, ſaid Queaſy, taking out his watch: 'only juſt tea time by me.—Not at all unſeaſonable for any body; beſides, the meſſage is of my own head—all you know if not well taken——'

Up the great ſtaircaſe he made bold to go on his miſſion, as he thought, in defiance of ſir John's better judgment. He returned in a few minutes with a face of ſelf complacent exultati-

on, *and* miſs Sharperſon's compliments, and begs ſir John Bull will walk up and reſt himſelf with a diſh of tea, and has her thanks to him for the china.

Now Queaſy, who had the higheſt opinion poſſible of ſir John Bull and of miſs Sharperſon, whom he thought the two people of the greateſt conſequence and affability, had formed the notion that they were made for each other, and that it muſt be a match if they could but meet. The meeting he had now happily contrived and effected; and he had done his part for his friend, ſir John, with miſs Sharperſon, by as many exaggerations as he could utter in five minutes, concerning his prodigious politeneſs, and courage, his fine perſon and carriage, his ancient family, and vaſt connections and importance wherever he appeared on the road, at inns and over all England. He had previouſly, during the journey, done his part for miſs Sharperſon with ſir John, by ſtating, that—'ſhe had a large fortune left her by her mother, and was to have twice as much from her grandmother; that ſhe had thouſands upon thouſands in the funds, and an eſtate of two thouſand a year, called Raſcally, in Scotland, beſide plate and jewels without *end.*'

Thus prepared, how could this lady and gentleman meet without falling deſperately in love with each other!

Though a ſervant, in handſome livery, appeared ready to ſhow ſir John up the great ſtaircaſe, Mr. Queaſy acted as a gentleman uſher, or rather as ſhowman. He nodded to ſir John, as they paſſed acroſs a long gallery and through an antichamber, threw open the doors of various apartments, as he went along, crying—'Peep in! peep in! peep in here! peep in there!—Is not this ſpacious? Is not this elegant? Is not that grand? Did I ſay too much?' continued he, rubbing his hands with delight. 'Did you ever ſee ſo magnificent, and ſo highly poliſhed ſteel grates out of Lon'on?'

Sir John, conſcious that the ſervant's eyes were upon him, ſmiled at this queſtion, 'looked ſuperiour down,' and though with reluctant compliſance he leaned his body to this ſide or that, as Queaſy pulled or ſwayed, yet he appeared totally regardleſs of the man's vulgar reflections. He had ſeen every thing as he paſſed, and was ſurpriſed at all he ſaw; but he evinced not the ſlighteſt ſymptom of aſtoniſhment. He was now uſhered into a ſpacious well lighted a-

partment; he entered with the eaſy unembarraſſed air of a man, who was perfectly accuſtomed to ſuch a home. His quick coup d'œil took in the whole at a ſingle glance. Two magnificent candelabras ſtood on egyptian tables at the farther end of the room, and the lights were reflected on all ſides from mirrors of no common ſize. Nothing ſeemed worthy to attract our hero's attention but the lady of the houſe, whom he approached with an air of diſtinguiſhed reſpect. She was reclining on a turkiſh ſofa—her companion beſide her, tuning a harp. Miſs Sharperſon half roſe to receive ſir John: he paid his compliments with an eaſy, yet reſpectful air. He was thanked for his civilities to *the perſon*, who had been commiſſioned to bring the box of Sèvre china from Deal.

'Vaſtly ſorry it ſhould have been ſo troubleſome,' miſs Sharperſon ſaid, in a voice faſhionably unintelligible, and with a moſt becoming yet intimidating nonchalance of manner. Intimidating it might have been to any man but our hero; he who had the happy talent of catching, wherever he went the reigning manner of the place, replied to the lady in equal ſtrains; and ſhe, in her turn, ſeemed to look on him more as

her equal. Tea and coffee were ſerved. *Nothings* were talked of quite eaſily by ſir John. He practiſed the art 'not to admire,' ſo as to give a juſtly high opinion of his taſte, conſequence, and knowledge of the world. Miſs Sharperſon, though her nonchalance was much diminiſhed, continued to maintain a certain dignified reſerve, whilſt her companion, miſs Felicia Flat, condeſcended to aſk ſir John, who had doubtleſs ſeen every fine houſe in England and on the continent, his opinion with reſpect to the furniture and finiſhing of the room, the placing of the egyptian tables and the candelabras.

No mortal could have gueſſed by ſir John Bull's air when he heard this queſtion, that he had never ſeen a candelabra before in his life. He was ſo much, and yet ſeemingly ſo little upon his guard, he dealt ſo dexterouſly in generals and evaded particulars ſo delicately, that he went through this dangerous converſation triumphantly. Careful not to protract his viſit beyond the bounds of propriety, he ſoon roſe to take leave, and he mingled 'intruſion, regret, late hour, happineſs, and honour,' ſo charmingly in his parting compliment, as to leave the moſt favourable impreſſion on the minds of both

the ladies, and to procure for himſelf an invitation to ſee the houſe the next morning.

The firſt day was now ended, and our hero had been detected but once. He went to reſt this night well ſatisfied with himſelf, but much more occupied with the hopes of marrying the heireſs of Raſcally than of winning a paltry bet.

The next day he waited upon the ladies in high ſpirits. Neither of them was *visible*, but Mr. Queaſy had orders to ſhow him the houſe, which he did with much exultation, dwelling particularly in his praiſes on the beautiful high poliſh of the ſteel grates. Queaſy boaſted, that it was he that recommended the ironmonger, who furniſhed the houſe in that line, and that his bill, as he was proud to ſtate, amounted to *many many* hundreds. Sir John, who did not attend to one word Queaſy had ſaid, went to examine the map of the Raſcally eſtate, which was unrolled, and he had leiſure to count the number of lords and ladies viſiting tickets which lay upon the chimney piece. He ſaw names of people of the firſt quality and reſpectability; it was plain, that miſs Sharperſon muſt be a lady of high family as well as large fortune, elſe ſhe would not

be viſited by perſons of ſuch diſtinction. Our hero's paſſion for her increaſed every moment. Her companion, miſs Flat, now appeared, and entered very freely into converſation with ſir John, and as he perceived that ſhe was commiſſioned to ſit in judgement upon him, he evaded all her leading queſtions, with the ſkill of an iriſh witneſs; but, without giving any hibernian anſwers, ſhe was fairly at a fault. Miſs Sharperſon at length appeared, elegantly dreſſed, her perſon was genteel and her face rather pretty. Sir John, at this inſtant, thought her beautiful, or ſeemed to think ſo. The ladies interchanged looks, and afterward ſir John found a ſoftneſs in his fair one's manner, a languiſhing tenderneſs in her eyes, in the tone of her voice, and at the ſame time a modeſt perplexity and reſerve about her, which altogether perſuaded him, that he was quite right, and his brother quite wrong *en fait d'amour*. Miſs Flat appeared now to have the moſt ſelf poſſeſſion of the three, and miſs Sharperſon looked at her, from time to time, as if ſhe aſked leave to be in love. Sir John's viſit laſted a full half hour, before he was ſenſible of having been five minutes engaged in this delightful converſation.

Miſs Sharperſon's coach now came to the door; he handed her into it, and ſhe gave him a parting look, which ſatisfied him all was yet ſafe in her heart. Miſs Flat, as he handed her into the carriage ſaid, 'Perhaps they ſhould meet ſir John at Tunbridge, where they were going in a few days.' She added ſome words as ſhe ſeated herſelf, which he ſcarcely noticed at the time, but they returned afterwards diſagreeably to his memory. The words were, 'I'm ſo glad we've a roomy coach, for of all things it annoys me to be *squeedged* in a carriage.'

This word *squeedged*, as he had not been uſed to it in Ireland, ſounded to him extremely vulgar, and gave him ſuſpicions of the moſt painful nature. He had the precaution, before he left Blackheath, to go into ſeveral ſhops and inquire ſomething more concerning his fair ladies. All he heard was much to their advantage, that is, much to the advantage of Miſs Sharperſon's fortune. All agreed that ſhe was a rich ſcotch heireſs. A rich ſcotch heireſs, ſir John wiſely conſidered, might have an humble companion, who ſpoke bad Engliſh. He concluded that *squeedged* was Scotch, blamed himſelf for his ſuſpicions, and was more in love with his miſtreſs

and with himſelf than ever. As he returned to town, he framed the outline of the triumphant letter to his brother on his approaching marriage. The bet was a matter, at preſent, totally beneath his conſideration. However, we muſt do him the juſtice to ſay, that like a man of honour he reſolved, that as ſoon as he had won the lady's heart he would *candidly* tell her his circumſtances, and then leave her the choice either to marry him or break her heart as ſhe pleaſed. Juſt as he had formed this generous reſolution, at a ſudden turn of the road, he overtook miſs Sharperſon's coach—he bowed and looked in as he paſſed, when, to his aſtoniſhment, he ſaw, *squeedged* up in the corner by miſs Felicia, Mr. Queaſy. He thought that this was a blunder in coſtume, that would never have been made in Ireland. Perhaps his miſtreſs was of the ſame opinion, for ſhe haſtily pulled down the blinds as ſir John paſſed. A cold qualm came over the lover's heart. He loſt no time in idle doubts and ſuſpicions, but galloped on to town as faſt as he could, and went immediately to call upon the ſcotch officer with whom he had travelled, and whom he knew to

be keen and prudent. He recollected the map of the Raſcàlly eſtate, which he ſaw in miſs Sharperſon's breakfaſt room, and he remembered, that the lands were ſaid to lie in that part of Scotland from which captain Murray came; from him he reſolved to inquire into the ſtate of the premiſes, before he ſhould offer himſelf as tenat for life. Captain Murray aſſured him, that there was no ſuch place as Raſcàlly in that part of Scotland; that he had never heard of any ſuch perſon as miſs Sharperſon, though he was acquainted with every family and every eſtate in the neighbourhood where ſhe fabled her's to be. O'Mooney drew from memory the map of the Raſcàlly eſtate. Captain Murray examined the boundaries, and aſſured him, that his couſin, the general's lands, joined his own, at the very ſpot which he deſcribed, and that unleſs two ſtraight lines could encloſe a ſpace, the Raſcàlly eſtate could not be found.

Sir John, naturally of a warm temper, proceeded, however, with prudence. The ſcotch officer admired his ſagacity in detecting this adventurer. Sir John waited at his hotel for Queaſy, who had promiſed to call to let him know when the ladies would go to Tunbridge.

Queaſy came. Nothing could equal his aſtoniſhment and diſmay when he was told the news.

'No ſuch place as Raſcally eſtate. Then I'm an undone man! an undone man!' cried poor Queaſy, burſting into tears, 'but I'm certain it's impoſſible, and you'll find, ſir John, you've been miſinformed. I would ſtake my life upon it, miſs Sharperſon's a rich heireſs, and has a rich grandmother. Why, ſhe's five hundred pounds in my debt, and I know of her being thouſands and thouſands in the books of as good men as myſelf to whom I've recommeded her, which I wouldn't have done for my life, if I had not known her to be ſolid. You'll find ſhe'll prove a rich heireſs, ſir John.'

Sir John hoped ſo, but the proofs were not yet ſatisfactory. Queaſy determined to inquire into her payments to certain creditors at Blackheath, and promiſed to give a deciſive anſwer in the morning. O'Mooney ſaw, that this man was too great a fool to be a knave; his perturbation was evidently the perturbation of a dupe, not of an accomplice; Queaſy was made to 'be an anvil, not a hammer.' In the midſt of his

own diſappointment, our good natured hibernian really pitied this poor currier.

The next morning ſir John went early to Blackheath. All was confuſion at miſs Sharperſon's houſe; the ſteps covered with grates and furniture of all ſorts; porters carrying out looking glaſſes, egyptian tables, and candelabras; the noiſe of workmen was heard in every apartment, and louder than all the reſt, O'Mooney heard the curſes, that were denounced againſt his rich heireſs—curſes, ſuch as are beſtowed on a ſwindler in the moment of detection, by the tradeſmen whom ſhe has ruined.

Our hero, who was of a moſt happy temper, congratulated himſelf upon having, by his own wit and prudence, eſcaped making the practical bull of marrying a female ſwindler.

Now that Phelim's immediate hopes of marrying a rich heireſs were over, his bet with his brother appeared to him of more conſequence, and he rejoiced in the reflection, that this was the third day he had ſpent in England and that he had but once been detected—The ides of March were come, but not paſſed!

'My lads,' ſaid he to the workmen, who were

buſy in carrying out the furniture from miſs Sharperſon's houſe, 'all hands are at work, I ſee, in ſaving what they can from the wreck of *the Sharperſon.* She was as well fitted out a veſſel, and in as gallant trim as any ſhip upon the face of the earth.'

'Ship upon the face of the *yearth!*' repeated an engliſh porter with a ſneer, 'Ship upon the face of the water, you ſhould ſay, maſter, but I take it you be's an Iriſhman.'

O'Mooney had reaſon to be particularly vexed at being detected by this man, who ſpoke a miſerable jargon, and who ſeemed not to have a very extenſive range of ideas. He was one of thoſe half witted geniuſſes, who catch at the ſhadow of an iriſh bull. In fact, Phelim had merely made a lapſus linguæ, and had uſed an expreſſion, juſtifiable by the authority of the elegant and witty lord Cheſterfield, who ſaid—no—who *wrote*, that the engliſh navy is the fineſt navy *upon the face of the earth!*—But it was in vain for our hero to argue the point—he was detected —no matter how or by whom. But this was only his ſecond detection, and three of his four days of probation were paſt.

He dined this day at captain Murray's. In the room in which they dined there was a picture of the captain, painted by Romney. Sir John, who happened to be ſeated oppoſite to it, obſerved, that it was a very fine picture—the more he looked at it the more he liked it. His admiration was at laſt unluckily expreſſed—he ſaid, 'that's an incomparable, an inimitable picture, it is abſolutely *more like than the original**.'

A keen ſcotch lady in company ſmiled and repeated,—*More like than the original!* Sir John, if I had not been told by my relative here, that you were an Engliſhman, I ſhould have ſet you *doon*, from that ſpeech, for an Iriſhman.'

This unexpected detection brought the colour, for a moment, into ſir John's face; but immediately recovering his preſence of mind, he ſaid,—

'That was I acknowledge an excellent iriſh bull; but in the courſe of my travels I have heard as good engliſh bulls as iriſh.'

To this captain Murray politely acceded, and he produced ſome laughable inſtances in ſupport

* This bull was really made.

of the aſſertion, which gave the converſation a new turn.

O'Mooney felt extremely obliged to the captain for this, eſpecially as he ſaw, by his countenance, that he alſo had ſuſpicions of the truth. The firſt moment he found himſelf alone with Murray, our hero ſaid to him—'Murray, you are too good a fellow to impoſe upon, even in jeſt: Your keen countrywoman gueſſed the truth—I am an Iriſhman, but not a ſwindler. You ſhall hear why I conceal my country and name; only keep my ſecret till to-morrow night, or I ſhall loſe a hundred guineas by my frankneſs.'

O'Mooney then explained to him the nature of his bet.—'This is only my third detection, and half of it voluntary, I might ſay, if I choſe to higgle, which I ſcorn to do.'

Captain Murray was ſo much pleaſed by this openneſs, that as he ſhook hands with O'Mooney, he ſaid—'Give me leave to tell you, ſir, that even if you ſhould loſe your bet by this frank behaviour, you will have gained a better thing—a friend.'

In the evening our hero went with his friend and a party of gentlemen to Maidenhead, near which place a battle was to be fought the next

day, between two famous pugiliſts, Bourke and Belcher. At the appointed time the combatans appeared upon the ſtage, the whole boxing corps and the gentlemen *amateurs* crowded to behold the ſpectacle. Phelim O'Mooney's heart beat for the iriſh champion Bourke: but he kept a guard upon his tongue, and even had the forbearance not to bet upon his countryman's head. How many rounds were fought, and how many minutes the fight laſted, how many blows were *put in* on each ſide, or which was the moſt *game man* of the two, we forbear to decide or relate, as all this has been ſettled in the newſpapers of the day; where alſo it was remarked, that Bourke, who loſt the battle,—was put into a poſtchaiſe, and left *ſtanding* half an hour, while another fight took place. This was very ſcandalous on the part of his friends, ſays the humane newſpaper hiſtorian, as the poor man might poſſibly be dying.'

Our hero O'Mooney's heart again got the better of his head. Forgetful of his bet, forgetful of every thing but humanity, he made his way up to the chaiſe, where Bourke was left—'How are you my gay fellow?' ſaid he. 'Can you ſee at all with the eye that's knocked out?'

The brutal populace, who overheard this queſtion, ſet up a roar of laughter—'A bull! a bull! an iriſh bull! Did you hear the queſtion this iriſh gentleman aſked his countryman?'

'O'Mooney was detected a fourth time, and this time he was not aſhamed. There was one man in the crowd who did not join in the laugh: a poor Iriſhman, of the name of Terence M'Dermod. He had in former times gone out a grouſing, near Cork, with our hero, and the moment he heard his voice, he ſprang forward, and with uncouth but honeſt demonſtrations of joy, exclaimed,—'Ah, my dear maſter! my dear young maſter! Phelim O'Mooney, eſq. And have I found your honour alive again? By the bleſſing of God above, I'll never part you now, till I die; and I'll go to the world's end to ſerve *yees.*'

O'Mooney wiſhed him at the world's end this inſtant, yet could not prevail upon himſelf to check this affectionate follower of the O'Mooneys. He, however, put half a crown into his hand, and hinted that if he wiſhed really to ſerve him, it muſt be at ſome other time. The poor fellow throws down the money, ſaying—'He would never leave him. Bid me do any thing, barring

that.—No, you ſhall never part me. Do what you pleaſe with me, ſtill I'll be cloſe to your heart, like your own ſhadow: knock me down if you will and welcome, ten times a day, and I'll be up again like a ninepin: only let me ſerve your honour, I'll aſk no wages, nor take none.'

There was no withſtanding this; and whether our hero's good nature deceived him we ſhall not determine, but he thought it moſt prudent, as he could not get rid of Terence, to take him into his ſervice, to let him into his ſecret, to make him ſwear that he would never utter the name of Phelim O'Mooney during the remainder of this day. Terence heard the ſecret of the bet with joy, entered into the jeſt with all the readineſs of an Iriſhman, and with equal joy and readineſs, ſwore by the hind leg of the holy lamb, that he would never mention, even to his own dog, the name of Phelim O'Mooney, eſq. good or bad, 'till paſt twelve o'clock; and further, that he would, till the clock ſhould ſtrike that hour, call his maſter ſir John Bull, and nothing elſe, to all men, women, and children, upon the floor of God's creation.'

Satisfied with the fullneſs of this oath, O'Mooney reſolved to return to town with his

man Terence M'Dermod. He however contrived, before he got there, to make a practical bull, by which he was detected a fifth time. He got into the coach, which was driving *from* London, inſtead of that which was driving *to* London, and he would have been carried rapidly to Oxford, had not his man Terence, after they had proceeded a mile and a half on the wrong road, put his head down from the top of the coach, crying, as he looked in at the window—'Maſter, ſir John Bull, are you there? Do you know we're in the wrong box, going to Oxford?'

'Your maſter's an Iriſhman, I dare to ſay, as well as yourſelf,' ſaid the coachman, as he let ſir John out. He walked back to Maidenhead, and took a chaiſe to town.

It was ſix o'clock when he got to London, and he went into a coffeehouſe to dine. He ſat down beſide a gentleman who was reading the newſpaper.—'Any news to day, ſir.'

The gentleman told him the news of the day, and then began to read aloud ſome paragraphs in a ſtrong hibernian accent. Our hero was ſorry that he had met with another countryman; but he reſolved to ſet a guard upon his lips, and he

knew that his own accent could not betray him. The ſtranger read on till he came to a trial about a legacy, which an old woman had left to her cats.—O'Mooney exclaimed—'I hate cats almoſt as much as old women; and if I had been the engliſh miniſter, I would have layed the *dog tax* upon cats.'

'If you had been the *iriſh* miniſter, you mean,' ſaid the ſtranger ſmiling; 'for I perceive now you are a countryman of my own.'

'How can you think ſo, ſir,' ſaid O'Mooney; 'you have no reaſon to ſuppoſe ſo from my accent, I believe.'

'None in life, quite the contrary; for you ſpeak remarkable pure Engliſh—not the leaſt note or half note of the brogue; but there's another ſort of freemaſon ſign by which we Hibernians know one another, and are known all over the globe. Whether to call it a confuſion of expreſſion or of ideas, I can't tell. Now an Engliſhman, if he had been ſaying what you did, ſir, juſt now, would have taken time to ſeparate the dog and the tax, and he would have put the tax upon cats, and let the dogs go about their buſineſs.' Our hero, with his uſual good humour, acknowledged himſelf to be fairly detected.

'Well, ſir,' ſaid the ſtranger, 'if I had not found you out before by the blunder, I ſhould be ſure how you were my countryman by your good humour! An Iriſhman can take what's ſaid to him, provided no affront's meant, with more good humour than any man on earth. Ay, that he can,' cried O'Mooney; 'he lends himſelf, like the whale, to be tickled even by the fellow with the harpoon, till he finds what he is about, and then he pays away, and pitches the fellow, boat and all, to the devil. Ah, countryman! you would give me credit indeed for my good humour, if you knew what danger you have put me in by detecting me for an Iriſhman. I have been found out ſix times, and if I blunder twice more before twelve o'clock this night, I ſhall loſe a hundred guineas by it: but I will make ſure of my bet; for I will go home ſtraight this minute, lock myſelf up in my room, and not ſay a word to any mortal till the watchman cries 'paſt twelve o'clock,' then the faſt and long lent of my tongue will be fairly over; and if you'll meet me, my dear friend, at the King's Arms, we will have a good ſupper and keep eaſter for ever.'

Phelim, purſuant to his reſolution, returned to his hotel, and ſhut himſelf up in his room, where he remained in perfect ſilence and conſequent ſafety till about nine o'clock. Suddenly he heard a great huzzaing in the ſtreet; he looked out of the window and ſaw, that all the houſes in the ſtreet were illuminated. His landlady came burſting into his apartment, followed by waiters with candles. His ſpirits inſtantly roſe, though he did not clearly know the cauſe of the rejoicings.—'I give you joy, ma'am. What are you all illuminating for?' ſaid he to his landlady.

'Thank you, ſir, with all my heart.—I am not ſure. It is either for a great victory or the peace.—Bob—waiter—ſtep out and inquire for the gentleman.'

The gentleman preferred ſtepping out to inquire for himſelf. The illuminations were in honour of the peace. He totally forgot his bet, his ſilence, and his prudence, in his ſympathy with the general joy. He walked rapidly from ſtreet to ſtreet, admiring the various elegant devices. A crowd was ſtanding before the windows of a houſe, that was illuminated with extraordinary ſplendour. He inquired

whose it was, and was informed that it belonged to a contractor, who had made an immense fortune by the war.

'Then I'm sure these illuminations of his are none of the most sincere,' said O'Mooney. The mob were of his opinion; and Phelim, who was now, alas! worked up to the proper pitch for blundering, added, by way of pleasing his audience still more—'If this contractor had *illuminated* in character, it should have been with *dark lanthorns*.'

'Should it? by Jasus! that would be an irish illumination,' cried some one. 'Arrah, honey! you're an Irishman, whoever you are, and have spoke you mind in character.'

Sir John Bull was vexed that the piece of wit which he had aimed at the contractor had recoiled upon himself.—'It is always, as my countryman observed, by having too much wit that I blunder. The duce take me, if I sport a single bon mot more this night.—This is only my seventh detection, I have an eighth blunder still *to the good*; and if I can but keep my wit to myself, till I am out of Purgatory, then I will be in Heaven, and may sing la triumphe in spite of my brother.'

Fortunately Phelim had not made it any part of his bet, that he ſhould not ſpeak to himſelf in iriſh idiom, or that he ſhould not *think* a bull. Reſolved to be as obſtinately ſilent as a monk of la Trappe, he once more ſhut himſelf up in his cell and fell faſt aſleep—dreamed that fat bulls of Baſan encompaſſed him round about—that he ran down a ſteep hill to eſcape them—that his foot ſlipped—he rolled to the bottom—felt the bull's horns in his ſide—heard the bull bellowing in his ears—wakened—and found Terence M'Dermod bellowing at his room door.

'Sir John Bull! ſir John Bull! murder! murder! my dear maſter, ſir John Bull! murder, robbery, and reward! let me in! for the love of the holy virgin! they are all after you!'

'Who? are you drunk, Terence?' ſaid ſir John, opening the door.

'No, but they are mad—all mad.'

'Who?'

'The conſtables. They are all mad entirely, and the lord mayor, all along with your honour's making me ſwear I would not tell your name. I Sure they are all coming armed in a body, to put you in jail for a forgery, unleſs I run back and tell them the truth—will I?'

'Firſt tell me the truth, blunderer!'

'I'll make my affidavit I never blundered, plaſe your honour, but juſt went to the merchant's, as you ordered, with the draught, ſinged with the name I ſwore not to utter till paſt twelve. I preſents the draught and waits to be paid. 'Are you Mr. O'Mooney's ſervant?' ſays one of the clerks after a while.—'No, ſir, not at all, ſir,' ſaid I, 'I'm ſir John Bull's, at your ſarvice.'—He puzzles and puzzles and aſked me did I bring the draught, and was that your writing at the bottom of it. I ſtill ſaid it was my maſter's writing, *ſir John Bull's*, and no other. They whiſpered from one up to t'other, and ſaid it was a forgery, as I overheard, and muſt go before the mayor. With that, while the maſter, who was called down to be examined as to his opinion, was putting on his glaſſes to ſpell it out, I gives them, one and all, the ſlip, and whips out of the ſtreet door and home to give your honour notice, and have been breaking my heart at the door this half hour to make you hear, and now you have it all.'

'I am in a worſe dilemma now than when between the horns of the bull,' thought ſir John

I muſt now either tell my real name, avow myſelf an Iriſhman, and ſo loſe my bet, or elſe go to jail.'

He preferred going to jail. He reſolved to pretend to be dumb, and he charged Terence not to betray him. The officers of juſtice came to take him up—ſir John reſigned himſelf to them, making ſigns that he could not ſpeak. He was carried before a magiſtrate. The merchant had never ſeen Mr. Phelim O'Mooney, but could ſwear to his hand writing and ſignature, having many of his letters and draughts. The draught in queſtion was produced. Sir John Bull would neither acknowledge nor deny the ſignature, but in dumb ſhow made ſigns of innocence. No art or perſuaſion could make him ſpeak—he kept his finger on his lips. One of the bailiffs offered to open ſir John's mouth. Sir John clenched his hand in token, that if they uſed violence he knew his remedy. To the magiſtrate he was all bows and reſpect—but the law, in ſpite of civility, muſt take it's courſe. Sir John Bull was committed to Newgate, upon ſuſpicion of having forged the name of Phelim O'Mooney.

Terence M'Dermod beat his breaſt, and call-

ed upon all the ſaints in the iriſh calendar, when he ſaw the committal actually made out, and his dear maſter given over to the conſtables. Nothing but his own oath and his maſter's commanding eye, which was fixed upon him at this inſtant, could have made him forbear to utter, what he had never in his life been before ſo ſtrongly tempted to tell—the truth.

Determined to win his wager, our hero braved the horrors of a priſon, and when he was fairly locked in at Newgate, he perſiſted in keeping ſilence till the clock ſtruck twelve! Then the charm was broken, and he ſpoke. He began talking to himſelf, and ſinging as loud as he poſſibly could.

The next morning Terence, who was no longer bound by his oath to conceal Phalim's name, haſtened to his maſter's correſpondent in town, told the whole ſtory, and O'Mooney was liberated. Having won his bet by his wit and ſteadineſs, he had now the prudence to give up theſe adventuring ſchemes, to which he had ſo nearly become a dupe; he returned immediately to Ireland to his brother, and determined to ſettle quietly to buſineſs. His good brother paid him the hundred guineas moſt joyfully, declar-

ing, that he had never ſpent a hundred guineas better in his life, than in recovering a brother. Phelim had now conquered his fooliſh diſlike to trade; his brother took him into partnerſhip, and Phelim O'Mooney never relapſed into ſir John Bull.

CONCLUSION.

LONG before this time, our readers muſt have diſcovered our real diſpoſitions towards Ireland. It is now time to throw off the maſk, which has frequently ſlipped aſide, in ſpite of our awkward attempts to keep it on. Unable any longer to ſupport the tone of irony, where we feel ſincere regard, we joyfully ſpeak in our own characters, and avow, that we have been all this time friends in diſguiſe. Notwithſtanding our affected ſarcaſms, we explicitly declare our opinion, that the Iriſh are an ingenious generous people; that the bulls and blunders, of which they are accuſed, are often imputable to their neighbours, or that they are juſtifiable by ancient precedents, or that they are produced by their habits of uſing figurative and witty lan-

guage. By what their good humour is produced we know not; but that it exists, we are certain. In Ireland, the countenance and heart expand at the approach of wit and humour; the poorest labourer forgets his poverty and toil in the pleasure of enjoying a joke. Amongst all classes of the people, provided no malice is obviously meant, none is apprehended.

That such is the character of the majority of the nation, there cannot *to us* be a more convincing and satisfactory proof, than the manner in which a late publication * was received in Ireland. The Irish were the first to laugh at the caricatura of their ancient foibles, and it was generally taken merely as good humoured raillery, not as insulting satire. If gratitude for this generosity has now betrayed us unawares into the language of panegyric, we may hope for pardon from the liberal of both nations. Those who are thoroughly acquainted with Ireland will most readily acknowledge the justice of our praises; those who are ignorant of the country will not, perhaps, be displeased, to have their knowledge of the people of Ireland extended. Many foreign pictures of Irishmen are as gro-

* Castle Rackrent.

teſque and abſurd as the Chineſe picture of lions; having never ſeen that animal, the Chineſe can paint him only from the deſcriptions of voyagers, which are ſometimes ignorantly, ſometimes wantonly, ſometimes maliciouſly exaggerated.

In M. de Voltaire's Age of Lewis the Fourteenth, we find the following paſſage:—"Some nations ſeem made to be ſubject to others. The Engliſh had always over the Iriſh the ſuperiority of genius, wealth, and arms. *The ſuperiority which the whites have over the negroes*.*"

A note in a ſubſequent edition informs us, that the injurious expreſſion—"*The ſuperiority which the whites have over the negroes*," was eraſed by M. de Voltaire, and his editor ſubjoins his own opinion.—"The nearly ſavage ſtate in which Ireland was, when ſhe was conquered, her ſuperſtition, the oppreſſion exerciſed by the Engliſh, the religious fanaticiſm which divides the Iriſh into two hoſtile nations, ſuch are the cauſes which held down this people in

* Il y a des nations dont l'une ſemble faite pour être ſoumiſe à l'autre. Les Anglois ont toujours eu ſur les Irlandois la ſupériorité du génie, des richeſſes, et des armes. *La ſupériorité que les blancs ont ſur les noirs.*

depreſſion and weakneſs. Religious hatreds are appeaſed, and this country has recovered her liberty. Iriſh no longer yield to the Engliſh, either in induſtry or in information*."

The laſt ſentence of this note might, if it had reached the eyes or ears of the incenſed iriſh hiſtorian, Mr. O'Halloran, have aſſuaged his wrath againſt Voltaire for the unguarded expreſſion in the text; unleſs the amor patriæ of the hiſtorian, like the amour propre of ſome individuals, inſtead of being gratified by congratulations on their improvement, ſhould be intent upon demonſtrating, that there never was any thing to improve. As we were neither born nor bred in Ireland, we cannot be ſuppoſed to poſſeſs this

* "On liſait dans les premières editions, *la ſuperiorite que les blancs ont ſur les negres.* M. de Voltaire effaça cette expreſſion injurieuſe. L'état preſque ſauvage ou était l'Irlande lorſqu'elle fut conquiſe, la ſuperſtition, l'oppreſſion exercée par les Anglois, le fanatiſme religieux qui diviſe les Irlandois en deux nations ennemies, telles ſont les cauſes qui ont retenues ce peuple dans l'abaiſſement et dans la foibleſſe. Les haines religieuſes ſe ſont aſſoupies, et elle a repris ſa liberté. *Les Irlandois ne le cedent plus aux Anglois ni en induſtrie ni en lumieres.*"

amor patriæ in it's full force, we profeſs to be attached to the country, only for it's merits; we acknowledge, that it is a matter of indifference to us whether the Iriſh derive their origin from the Spaniards, or the Mileſians, or the Welſh: we are not ſo violently anxious as we ought to be to determine, whether or not the language ſpoken by the phœnician ſlave, in Terence's play, was iriſh; nay, we ſhould not break our hearts, if it could never be ſatisfactorily proved, that Albion is only another name for Ireland*. We moreover candidly confeſs, that we are more intereſted in the fate of the preſent race of it's inhabitants, than in the hiſtorian of St. Patrick, St. Facharis, St. Cormuc, the renowned Brien Boru; Tireldach, king of Connaught; M'Murrough, king of Leinſter; Diarmod; Righ-Damnha; Labra-Loingſeach; Tighermas; Ollamh-Foldha; the M'Giolla-Phadraigs; or even the great William of Ogham; and by this declaration we have no fear of giving offence to any but ruſty antiquaries. We think it ſomewhat more to the honour of Ireland to enumerate the names of ſome of the men of

* See O'Halloran's Hiſtory of Ireland.

genius whom ſhe has produced; Milton and Shakſpeare ſtands unrivalled; but Ireland can boaſt of Uſher; Boyle; Denham; Congreve; Molyneux; Farquhar; ſir Richard Steele; ſir Hans Sloane; Berkeley; Orrery; Parnel; Swift; T. Sheridan; Helſham; Bryan Robinſon; Goldſmith; Sterne; Johnſon*; Tickel; Brooke; Leland; Hales; Stock; three Hamiltons; Young; Charlemont; Kirwan; Bickerſtaffe; Macklin; Malone; Canning; Mrs. Sheridan†; F. Sheridan; Griffiths; Courtnay; Barrè; Huſſey; Sheridan; Burgh, and Burke!

We enter into no invidious compariſons; it is our ſincere wiſh to conciliate both countries; and if in this ſlight eſſay we ſhould ſucceed in diffuſing a more juſt and enlarged idea of the Iriſh than has been generally entertained, we hope the Engliſh will deem it not an unacceptable ſervice. Whatever might have been the policy of the engliſh nation towards Ireland, whilſt ſhe was a ſeparate kingdom, ſince the uni-

* Author of Chryſal, or Adventures of a Guinea.

† Author of that beautiful tale Nourjahad.

on it can no longer be her wiſh to depreciate the talents, or ridicule the language of Hibernians. One of the Czars of Ruſſia uſed to take the cap and bells from his fool, and place it on the head of any of his ſubjects whom he wiſhed to diſgrace. The idea of extending ſuch a puniſhment to a whole nation was ingenious, and magnanimous; but England cannot now put it into execution towards Ireland. Would it not be a practical bull to place the cap and bells upon her own imperial head?

Procumbit humi bos.

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